The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 170. WEEK ENDING FEB. 3RD, 1912. ONE PENNY.

Another Great Triumph for the Ambrose Wilson Magneto Belt.

This is the marvellous man who ran on Christmas Eve from London to Brighton and back - - - - - - - - ☛

And this is the marvellous Magneto Belt that he wore that helped him to perform his wonderful feat - - ☛

C. W. HART,
The Champion Running Man, Wearing his Magneto Belt.
(Photo from life.)

C. W. HART, who at the age of 44 ran from the Clock Tower, Westminster, to Brighton and back on Dec. 24, and in spite of bad weather, in which he encountered heavy rain, snow, and sleet, accomplished the journey in the wonderful time of 18 hrs. 47 mins., finishing fresh and in excellent condition.

I WILL SEND YOU MY

5/- MAGNETO BELT for 1/-

On seven days' trial.

It will make you strong, vigorous, and self-confident in everything.

Magneto Belt of Life.

I offer you a new lease of life. It does not matter what you have tried, or whether other means have failed to cure you. My Belt of Life will not fail to do you good. It has never failed yet, even in the most obstinate cases while in thousands of instances it has effected a complete cure.

Medical Men and Hospitals recognise Magnetism as a most effective curative power in cases of nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Nerve and Muscular Strength, Weak Back, Disordered Liver, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Obesity, Constipation, Dizziness, Lack of Energy, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Will Power, Want of Self-Confidence, Lack of Mind Concentration, Involuntary Blushing, etc., etc.

My Magneto Belt of Life has cured thousands of such cases and I have overwhelming testimony to prove it.

Send Postal Order to-day for 1/- only, secure your Belt at once, and begin to feel its marvellous strength-giving powers.

Address*—Mr AMBROSE WILSON (Dept. 19), Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.** ☛ ***Give size of waist.

THIRD FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

ENTRY FORM.

For particulars see page 567.

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 3. Write *in ink* the scores which you consider will be made by the respective teams.

	Goals.		Goals.
Sheffield United		v. Manchester C	
Bolton Wanderers		v. Bradford City	
Leeds City		v. Birmingham	

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in THE MODERN MAN. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Number of Postal Order.....

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Wanted, good, smart pair Wellington boots, cheap; large 6, or 7.—Box 4668, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Another McKinley bargain! The new "Derby" mackintosh for winter wear. Made from special heavy-weight water-proof coating of excellent quality, and cut in latest style. Well worth 25s. Our price 18s. 6d., carriage paid. Ready for service, in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned if you are not satisfied.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Wanted frock coat, perfect condition, advertiser, 5ft. 9in., chest 36in., no rubbish.—Write Box 4656, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street, (Dept. M.M.), London.

Wanted, pair Sandow's 7 spring dumb-bells, men's, must be in good condition.—Box 4660, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, portable billiard table, 6½ft. by 4ft., all accessories, carriage paid, cash or exchange.—Box 4664, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Gentleman's Sturmy-Archer 3-speed All Weather cycle, oil bath gearcase, Clipper tyres, roller brakes, accessories, lately purchased; accept 90s.—Box 4665, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT & WANTED.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's Advertisement, page 578.

EDUCATIONAL.

Free Shorthand Lessons.—For 1d. stamp we send first lesson of our Sloan-Duployan course and particulars.—M., Liverpool Correspondence School, 37, Moorfields, Liverpool.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For Sale, Nos. 1 to 169 "Modern Man." What offers?—F. Hewitt, Snettisham, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

My celebrated £2 2s. Physical Development Course, with valuable medal; 3s. 6d.—Milo, Hollyhocks, Westholm, Letchworth.

I supply and exchange everything for physical culturists and athletes; specialities, boxing gloves, punch balls, disc bar-bells, developers.—Jenkins, Sports Outfitter, Radford Road, Nottingham.

MEDICAL, &c.

Moustache-Grower. Send me P.O. for 1s. and I will mail you the recipe of my wonderful moustache-grower, which will positively force a moustache within three weeks. Equally good for forcing new hair on the head.—Box 4669, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liverishness cured by effectual prescription; promotes appetite, invigorates system generally—Send sevenpence in stamps, Box 4651, "The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Certain and reliable cure for failing hair and dandruff, promotes growth, makes it thick and glossy, never failed; recipe and instructions post free 1s. 1d.—Box 4667, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Free, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Enjoy the long winter evenings playing "Puppet Peers," the new card games, for 2 to 7 players. Humorous, scientific, and amusing. Endless fun. 1s. 3d., post free.—Publishers, 55, County Road, Liverpool.

Uallwin.—League Member offers Two Original "Tit Bits" "Heads or Tails" for Sixpence.—Box 4655, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Safety razor blades re-ground, equal to new, 1d. each. Gillette, Clemak, Auto-Strop, Ever Ready, &c. Perfect results guaranteed, or money cheerfully returned.—The Wafer Blade Co., 36, Beneside Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.

Really good Columbia Gramophone, in case, with horn and recorder, also 140 records (cylinder).—Box 4666, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Employ Yourself.—Our book contains 400 Real Trade Secrets and the Know How. 1s. 2d., post paid.—Porritt, Publisher, Limefield, Bury, Lancs.

Don't waste money on "Safety Razor Toys." Get my book "How to Shave in Comfort." I explain how to "Strop" and how to "Use" your "Existing Tackle." Send P.O. 1s., post free.—Address, Harrison, c/o E. Jackson, Hairdresser, Rawmarsh, Rotherham.

Amusing Samples, post free, seven penny stamps; Novelties, Puzzles.—Hyam's, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

"Art of Luck," to which "Answers" devoted column, has made thousands lucky—why not you? Send to-day, and watch your income, 1s. 2d. "Art of Getting Rich," companion booklet, 2s. 2d.—Editor, "Talisman," Harrogate.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 583.

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COUPON for our "CENTRES" COMPETITION.

For particulars see page 576.

MY "CENTRE"

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....Cut Here.....

The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

Harem Note.—Should the Bey's wives say "O, Bey!"?

* * *

"Speaking of social distinctions," says fifteen-year-old Euphemia, who will soon be going into business, "I don't mind the upper classes, and I don't mind the lower classes; but what I *do* hate is the evening classes!"

* * *

Having been challenged to find a rhyme for "Mesopotamia," I have evolved the following. Readers with weak hearts are advised to skip it.

A sportsman from Mesopotamia
Once joined in a cricketing game here.
But the team couldn't stick it,
And cried, "Call that cricket?
I wonder what Jessop 'ud name yer!"

* * *

Music Hall Query.—What does Charles Whittle?

* * *

A new method of heeling the ball has been introduced by Dr. Pryce Jenkins, of the London Welsh Rugger team. Can't you hear waggish Cockney admirers inquiring: "What Pryce Jenkins?"

* * *

A writer on theatrical subjects exclaims moodily, "Ah! these managers have no souls!" But what about managers who are "sole lessees" as well?

* * *

Numbers of men have been known to lie, for fear that they should be knocked down.

* * *

It is whispererd that Orangemen are all henpecked husbands, who have already to undergo so much Home Rule that they couldn't stand any more.

* * *

A weekly paper reports that there is trouble in Reading, which it describes by the playful title of "Biscuit Town." I feel sure that the "tin" is at the bottom of the disturbance.

* * *

One of the things that every woman hates is not to be noticed. For example, even Mary Ann is raised to awful heights of anger if she is dismissed without notice.

* * *

An anonymous correspondent writes to say that when a vegetarian tells you a story it is always a chestnut.

* * *

The "Evening News" tells us that the Playgoers' Club entertained nearly 5,000 children at the pantomime; and adds:

"They were divided up as follows—

'Goody Two Shoes' (Britannia, Hoxton)	3,000
'Aladdin' (West London, Hammersmith)	1,000
'Babes in the Wood' (Coronet)	6,000."

Here is a tip for the Y.M.C.A. They should have little trouble in reaching their £100,000, if they employed the "Evening News'" arithmetic.

T. S. Cox.

A SHOOTING-GALLERY FAKE.

However good a rifle-shot you may be, don't be tempted to try to carry off cigars, packets of cigarettes, or flashy-lookin electro-plate at shooting galleries. You may be a first-class shot at the butts, but it is odds you will fail to hit the shooting-gallery bull's-eye at twenty yards. Why? "Becos'," as a confidential proprietor once whispered to the writer, "the gun-barrels is bent a-purpose!"

THE CHARM THAT FAILED.

Mr. Barclay Gammon, the well-known entertainer (with a piano), is no believer in charms—he used to be, but is now a pronounced sceptic in the matter of lucky omens.

One evening he was driving home in a dog-cart, when he saw the new moon for the first time. His money was in his left-hand trousers pocket, so he changed the reins from left hand to right in order to turn his money and wish.

Just as he did so, his horse shied at something, bolted, and dashed into a pantechnicon van.

The damage came to about £35, and now the new moon can go hang for all Mr. Gammon cares about it.

THE LOYAL FOOTMAN.

Lord Rosmead, whose father was so well-known as Sir Hercules Robinson, was a keen amateur jockey in his younger days.

On one occasion, while Sir Hercules was Governor at the Cape, he rode at a local race meeting. His mount was a rank outsider, started at a very long price, and just managed to scramble home a winner.

The only person, Lord Rosmead himself not excepted, who had a penny on the despised competitor was one of Sir Hercules' footmen, who backed it out of loyalty to the family.

This was as it should be, but, alas! the faithful footman, whose first bet it was, became bitten by the gambling fever, and went all to the bad.

WHAT GRAY WON'T CARRY.

Not long ago George Gray declared, in an interview, that he would not carry anything heavy, such as a suit-case or portmanteau. This was because he did not wish to lose the delicacy of touch which is so vital to the first-class billiard-player.

The average man, who plays an average game, might perhaps regard such an idea as carrying caution to extremes. At any rate, the writer did; and he asked the Australian champion, Fred Lindrum, jun., for his views on the subject.

"I certainly agree with George Gray," said Lindrum. "One's hand should be made accustomed to one weight, as near as is possible, and that weight should be the weight of the cue you use in playing. Personally, I use a cue weighing about 14½ozs.; and if I carried anything, it would have to be something about that weight."

It is a noticeable fact, by the way, that Lindrum does not carry a stick.

WEIGHING IN.

Amateur writers on racing often make amusing blunders over the process known as "weighing in" after a race.

We remember one story in which the delighted owner of the winner warmly shook hands with his jockey as the latter returned to weigh in, the author apparently being unaware that if a jockey touch any person or anything (except accidentally) his horse is liable to be disqualified.

Failure to pull the proper weight, of course, means disqualification, but the jockey is allowed a margin of one pound, and under National Hunt Rules, if the jockey cannot make the weight with the one pound allowance, he may forego it, and weigh in with his bridle.

If a jockey weighs in more than two pounds (four pounds in a steeplechase or hurdle race) over his declared weight, his horse is disqualified, unless it can be shown that the increase in weight was due to wet or mud.

The only exception to this rule is in the case of a steeplechase or hurdle race, when, a rider having been unshipped, his mount is ridden home by another person qualified to ride and able to pull the necessary weight. In this case no objection can be made for overweight.

The winning jockey of a race may not dismount before reaching the place appointed for unsaddling the winner; other jockeys may dismount within a reasonable distance.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By WOLMER WHYTE.

University men and other experts in orthography, looking at the above title, will jump to the conclusion that this article is not a religious tract, but an essay on gastronomy. It is neither one nor the other, although it may claim to bear closer relationship to a tract, since the thoughtful reader cannot fail to discern in it one or more helpful morals.

Mr. Jones arrived home from the City one day at the unusual time of half-past five, and announced to his wife that he had 'phoned for the car, as he had an appointment at Guildford—a most urgent appointment. He had just time for a "snack" before starting.

What would he like? A sole! Mrs. Jones had no sole. (The educated reader will realise that no reflection is cast upon Mrs. Jones's character. The statement is, rather, a tribute to her housekeeping, for it suggests that her larder contained no excess of perishable goods.)

Mr. Jones said, "What's the use of having a telephone? The fishmonger will send a sole round in a jiffey." So Mrs. Jones 'phoned.

Lest the reader should expect to hear more about Mr. and Mrs. Jones, it may be stated at once that they will hardly be referred to again. They are very commonplace people, and really not worth writing about. Reference to the title will reveal the fact that this story is about a fish.

* * * * * *

Mr. Tench, the fishmonger, went down into the cold-room, after receiving the telephone message, and selected a nice sole.

Bringing it up into the shop, he wrapped it in a piece of paper and said, "'Ere, Smith."

It was the "quietest" time of the day, and from a remote corner of the shop a lad of fourteen emerged, stuffing into his pocket a grimy, paper-covered book.

His eyes wore a dreamy, far-away look, and well they might, for Jack Deadshot, his brown eyes burning like live coals, had just thundered up on his gallant bay mare, and, scattering the murderous Mexicans right and left, had cut the bonds that were biting cruelly into the Señorita Inez's soft white arms.

"'Ere, Smith," said Mr. Tench, "jump on yer bike and run round with this to 34, Belmont—sharp!"

Mr. Tench always said "sharp," and Smith always started sharp. His energy was wont to evaporate as soon as he got out of sight of the shop, and Mr. Tench was largely to blame for this, because Smith knew, well enough, that haste could not always be necessary.

With the sole in the basket suspended above the front wheel, Smith mounted his machine and disappeared round the corner like an express train. Then he slowed up, dismounted, and drew the grimy book from his pocket to see what happened to the Señorita Inez when the cruel bonds had left off biting her soft white arms.

Smith was devouring the details of the perilous flight when he was interrupted by a remark which was obviously addressed to himself.

"Wot-o, bottle-nose."

Smith looked up and saw the grocer's boy, idly pedalling by on a tricycle.

"Treadmill again," said Smith, witheringly sarcastic about the heavy tricycle. "W'en 'r they goin' ter give yer a turn at pickin' oakum fer a change?"

The grocer's boy was obviously annoyed, and he explained, at some length, that only young men were given tricycles to take on their rounds. Boys, he said, hadn't strength enough to pedal them. (He was a year older than Smith.)

"I could ride it as well as you, an' chance it."

"No, yer couldn't," said the grocer's boy.

"Bet yer I could," Smith challenged.

"'Ow much?"

"Two woodbines."

The grocer's boy got off the tricycle and Smith got on. He did not seem at home on the cumbersome machine, and the grocer's boy guffawed loudly. Nevertheless, Smith maintained that he drove it along as fast as the other, so the latter mounted and rode at a pace that set the beer bootles rattling in the carrier, and he turned so sharply as to imperil the equilibrium of the whole concern. Smith acknowledged defeat, and the two woodbines changed hands.

Amicable relations being restored, the grocer's boy asked if he might try Smith's bicycle. Smith graciously acceded to the request, and the sole, whose arrival was being awaited with some impatience at 34, Belmont Gardens, was taken for a few turns up and down the road by the grocer's boy.

"W'ere 'r yer goin'?" Smith inquired, when the grocer's boy had dismounted from the bicycle and got on to his own machine.

"13, Brockley."

"I'll come round wiv yer," said Smith.

The conversation was mostly of their respective, but apparently not respected, "guv'nors," and they treated the subject both descriptively and analytically. The grocer, it appeared, was a muffin-faced crackpot, whose real object in life was to see to what extent he could swear at his employees, while Mr. Tench was a bandy-legged blighter, whose candidature for the Board of Guardians was promoted by bribery and prompted by corrupt motives.

The discourse was interrupted by a dog-fight. Smith dismounted, of necessity, but the grocer's boy was able to watch the affray from the seat of his tricycle. Both dogs were Airedales, so the fight was long, fierce, and in every way satisfactory to the two spectators. They did not leave until the combatants, satisfied that is must be a drawn battle, limped off in opposite directions, stopping occasionally to lick their wounds.

"Good 'un, wasn't it?" said Smith, as the two machines moved off again.

"Rather," said the grocer's boy, and arriving at No. 13, Brockley Avenue, they leaned against the wall and told one another of past dog-fights at which they had been spectators.

The cook at No. 13, coming to the gate in a rage, to look for the grocer's boy, found him unexpectedly near at hand. Smith was the only one of the three who enjoyed the situation, and he gleefully watched his companion get the groceries out of the carrier and meekly precede the cook along the side entrance.

When they disappeared from his view he mounted his bicycle. For the moment he could not recollect his errand. He lifted the lid of his basket for enlightenment, and the blear eyes of the sole looked up blindly to him.

"Oh, yus," said Smith to himself; "34, Belmont."

He rode off at a rather smarter speed, for he had a vague feeling that perhaps "34, Belmont" might be waiting for the sole. The feeling was quite unjustified. "34, Belmont" had long since given up waiting for it, and somewhere on the road to Guildford a soleless and hungry man, muttering between his teeth, was driving a motor-car to the danger of the public.

At the corner of Brockley Avenue some furniture removers were unloading a pantechnicon. At the precise moment of Smith's appearance upon the scene, one of them dropped a wash-hand basin and smashed it. A possible dénouement, in the shape of a chiding foreman or an annoyed proprietor of the basin, prompted Smith to dismount and lean his bicycle against a lamp-post. He himself leant against the wall and awaited events.

He was doomed to disappointment. The man who broke the basin happened to be the foreman, and the proprietor of the article was not yet aware of his loss.

After watching the furniture being removed from the van for a while, Smith mounted his machine again and brought the sole safely to the side-door of 34, Belmont Gardens. The cook received him, but she refused the proffered sole.

"Jest you take it back with yer, me lad," she said. "I've changed me mind an' don't want it. And," she added, "tell yer master that 'e don't get no more orders from 'ere. See?"

Smith saw, but when Mr. Tench expressed surprise at the return of the sole, he only said:

"Tol' me they'd changed their minds, and didn't want it arter all."

Which, indeed, was true.

WHAT TO DO WHEN THEY OCCUR.

The most dangerous accident that can happen to a horseman, whether on the road, in the Row, or in the hunting-field, is that of being run away with; but to a man with a good seat, the danger is greater to others than to himself.

Theoretically, a horse should not bolt if it is properly bitted and the rider is on his guard against surprises; but in practice various exciting causes will sometimes make a predisposed animal take the bit between his teeth and carry his rider whither he would not go.

The clatter of hoofs behind him on the high road, hounds running, the sudden screech of an engine-whistle, may all operate to startle a horse. If the horseman is riding with crossed reins, has his feet in the stirrups, and is sitting his saddle properly, a long, firm pull suddenly relaxed may stop the bolt at once; but if not, the only safe thing is to sit still and bend all one's energies to steering the frightened animal clear of obstacles until he shall be tired of his gallop and pull-up of his own accord.

DANGER IN TRYING TO HELP.

There is a great deal of danger to the rider in having his horse stopped by another man whether on foot or mounted. In the latter case the galloping of another horse alongside the runaway may only encourage him to further exertions; and a man shouting at him, and jumping suddenly at his bridle—usually only to miss it—is likely to cause a dangerous swerve that may unseat the rider or bring horse and man down together to the serious injury of both.

Unless it is the case of a lady or a child, or the rider signals for help, or unless the horse is heading for a precipice or some obviously fatal obstacle when desperate remedies are indicated, it is always better for third parties to avoid interference.

The rider, if on the road, should, as when driving, avoid shouting and steer clear of other traffic, always endeavouring to put his horse towards a hill as the speediest way of stopping him.

In the Row he will find plenty of people to shout warnings to other riders, and a couple of mounted constables will eventually range themselves on either side of him and bring his steed to a standstill.

In the hunting-field his chief object will be to keep wide of the hounds, for a runaway horse will kill and maim several, and they are always "the best hounds in the pack." After the hounds your fellow-sportsmen and sportswomen are to be avoided; but if you can steer your steed into a big, empty pasture, keep bearing on one rein, but otherwise leave him alone and let him run away round and round the field till he realises that he is not part of a circus.

PUTTING HIM AT A BIG JUMP.

If this scheme is not practical, and you are sure of your own seat, it is not a bad plan to put him at the biggest jump you can find and force him to take it. He will probably stop in astonishment when he reaches the middle of the next field, and want to go back and look at the place he has just come over.

Accidents at jumps are, of course, frequent, and they have been more than usual since the present hunting season commenced. To render them less dangerous two things should be remembered: when you feel your horse falling draw your feet back in the stirrups, run one hand up to the buckle of the reins and grip it firmly, and prepare to fling yourself clear of the horse as you touch the ground and to roll away from him, so that he may not roll on you.

If you fling out one arm you are not so likely to fall on your head and risk breaking your neck; and if you fall soft you will retain your hold on the reins and avoid the ignominy of having to pursue your mount across ploughed fields in a costume singularly ill-adapted for the purpose.

Always remember after pulling up a runaway, or after a stiff gallop, to "give your horse the wind"; that is, to turn his nostrils in the direction from which the wind is blowing. Otherwise, on a damp, muggy day he may find himself suffocating, and possibly collapse suddenly underneath you.

L. C. R. CAMERON.

FOOTBALL TOPICS.

NOTES ABOUT TEAMS AND PLAYERS.

As a result, among others, of a brilliant victory against Notts County at Nottingham by three goals to one, Blackburn Rovers are at the time of writing at the head of the First Division of the English League. The ground was very greasy owing to a rapid thaw, and the Blackburn men adapted themselves to the disadvantageous conditions better than the home team.

Blackburn's rise in the world, however, was also due to another victory by a visiting team, Woolwich Arsenal to wit, who beat Newcastle United at Newcastle by two goals to one. Both sides played several reserve men, and the game was naturally not a particularly brilliant one. The Arsenal scored first through Flanagan, and half an hour or so after the start Stewart equalised for Newcastle. Before change of ends, however, Common scored a rather fluky goal. In the second half Newcastle did a lot of half-hearted pressing; but the Arsenal men packed their goal successfully, and the end came with the scores as at half-time.

There should have been a match at Sheffield between Sheffield United and Bradford City; but it had to be postponed, because the Bramall Lane ground was flooded.

There was very tall scoring in the Second Division game between Burnley and Hull City at Burnley, the home side winning by no less than five goals to Hull's one. Burnley's goal-scorers were: Lindley (three), Wicken (one), and Boyle (one), while Hull's solitary point was registered by Houghton, from a penalty kick. It was the last goal of the match.

It is remarkable how much better play has been witnessed, in recent matches all over the country, during the second half. Probably this is because by that time the teams have become better accustomed to the deplorable condition of the ground—a state of affairs which has been general during the recent tempestuously rainy weather.

G. K.

OVER THE ROPES.

SOME TOPICAL BOXING GOSSIP.

One of the most surprising bouts of recent times, from the point of view of the close student of boxing form, took place at the Liverpool Stadium. The contestants were the Dixie Kid and Harry Lewis, the hard-hitting Yank.

The surprising part of the affair was the unsuspected form shown by Lewis. Hitherto he has been simply credited with enormous strength but little science, and as the Dixie Kid possesses the latter in a generous quantity, together with no inconsiderable strength, Lewis's chances were not looked upon as too rosy.

Lewis, however, surprised every onlooker by exhibiting practically as much skill as, and immeasurably greater punching power than, his black opponent, whom he beat to exhaustion in the eighth round, when Mr. Douglas, the referee, gave him the contest.

There is to be a return match next Monday, February 5, between Frank Moran and Fred Storbeck. It will be remembered that these two men met a few weeks back at the "Ring," when Storbeck struck his adversary after the gong had sounded at the end of a round. The South African did not show as good form as Moran on that occasion, but he hopes, by different tactics, to do better next time.

The death is reported from St. Louis, U.S.A., of Johnny Regan, at one time feather-weight champion of the world. Regan, who was thirty-five, caught a bad cold as a result of boxing a drawn six-rounds contest with Young Johnson on New Year's Day last. Unhappily this cold developed into pneumonia, which caused the game boxer's death.

To-night (Monday) is to witness a contest at the "Ring," Blackfriars Road, which will probably prove very interesting. It will bring together Alf. Langford and Jim Johnson, a big nigger who has more than once been mistaken by people who did not know for his more illustrious namesake, Li'l Artha.

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

3.—A THIEF IN THE LIGHT.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

The Duke and Duchess of ——*, in their magnificent seat in ——shire*, were entertaining the most fashionable house-party that had ever assembled even within the lordly walls of historic ——* Castle. The name of H.R.H. the —— of ——*, soon afterwards ——— ——— ——*, headed the list of guests.

As I read that list in the Society columns of paper after paper, my fingers itched. I studied it with an eye to business. Where so many of England's richest as well as noblest were gathered together, I ought to be able to do something if I could only get amongst them.

THE ART OF CRIME.

The particularly interesting case of daylight robbery I am about to reveal differs from almost every fraud, swindle, and crime that I ever pulled off, in that the latter were systematically thought out in all their bearings before the first move was made for their accomplishment. That's where the art of crime comes in, and with the art the difficulty—not so much in the doing as in plotting what to do and how to do it.

It's just the same, I've understood, with authors in manipulating their puppet characters. I often think, by-the-bye, how many novelists and playwrights miss their true vocation. In the case of, at all events, the best of them, how useful their special abilities would be in the higher branches of constructive criminology, to which my raid on —— Castle clearly belongs, although, as I have indicated, the excogitation of its *modus operandi* lacked the element of deliberation. The basic idea of the whole thing may in fact be said to have been the result of one inspired moment. I should like hours of such moments.

HIS ONLY ASSET, A CHEQUE-BOOK.

To do justice to this exploit in your own minds, you must put yourselves in my place. I was back in London; the scene of my contemplated operations was a hundred miles away. I had a cheque-book but no banking account and no cash in hand—the cheque-book had originally belonged to one of Zebedee's clients, and had been an "exhibit" in a case of his.

I had a bag, but no clothes to put in it. I knew no one in the place to which I must go; neither there nor anywhere else had I anyone to consult or work with. I hadn't a tool of any sort, for housebreaking or burglary was a lay I had never thought of going in for.

As, after a lot of thinking, I couldn't decide on what I ... to do when I got to the neighbourhood of the Castle, I ... to the conclusion that it would be worth while to go there without any plan of action, trusting to my luck for some happy idea on the spot.

RAISING ENOUGH FOR EXPENSES.

A few minutes after making up my mind so far, I chucked any rubbish I could see into my bag, locked it, and from my mean lodgings off the Tottenham Court Road started off for Euston Station, hailing the first smartly-turned-out hansom that came within my view. On the strength of the hansom and my bag—"just off for a journey, with a train to catch in a hurry"—a publican in the Euston Road, whose house I'd made a habit of using lately, cashed me a stumer for a quid (I was afraid to try it on for more).

Three hours afterwards I alighted at the station of the quiet, sleepy little town on which looked down the famous old Castle of the great Duke of ——, one of the show places whose relics and other treasures are a draw to travelling sightseers from all over the world.

A porter having informed me that there were two hotels in the town—the "County Family" for "gentle folks" and the "Duke's Head" for "commercials"—I ignored the 'buses from both and drove in a cab to the former, where I started to do myself well by ordering a dinner which denoted my ability to gratify the tastes of an epicure with the purse of a millionaire.

After dinner I strolled out to make closer acquaintance with "sleepy hollow" and—from outside—the mighty mansion on the hill above it. The former was typical of hundreds of other English towns of long descent and no size, the latter was a feudal fort with the architectural attachments of successive centuries.

Lights blazed from scores of windows; I caught from within them the distant sounds of revelry and music; it was easy to picture the bejewelled company, moved to the motions of the dance by the strains of that throbbing orchestra. Why, the gems on only one of the white bodies of the women would be the making of me! I stood outside an El Dorado—and cursed my impotence to get in.

LOOKING UP FOR THE NIGHT.

When I turned into the High Street again on my way back to the "County Family," the shops had all closed, but outside one of them, with a private door adjoining the door of the business premises, a man stood on the pavement turning the key of a padlock on the latter entrance.

With the curiosity of a countryman at sight of a stranger, he half-faced round to get a closer look at me as I passed him. With a bow, he gave me a respectful "good-night, sir." I accepted the salute as a compliment to the smartly-cut dust-coat I was wearing, which served a useful purpose in covering a multitude of sartorial shortcomings in the garments it concealed.

As I condescendingly acknowledged his greeting, glanced at the facia board above the tightly-fitting shutters, and in the light of the lamp on the opposite side of the narrow thoroughfare I read: "Ralph Gurden, Watch and Clock Maker."

INSPIRATION.

The very next second of time was the "inspired moment" to which I have referred. Literally "like a flash" came the idea I had been waiting for; and in the light of that idea I saw my way into that treasury on the hill. There's no use in trying to trace the quick genesis of the thought. It came to me at just the bare sight of those words, "Watch and Clock Maker."

It was too late to do anything till the next day, but the great thing was that I knew now what to do.

I hadn't noticed any other shop in the same line as that of Ralph Gurden, and my impression that there was no other in the place was confirmed in answer to my casual inquiry at the hotel. Good—for this being so I could come straighter to the point when I went to cajole Gurden.

Another inquiry elicited the information that the local (branch) bank—"the only one"—closed to-morrow at one o'clock. I would time the interview for about two o'clock, by which hour I might have lunched and the tradesman would have dined. The bank having shut he couldn't pay in, and I should have an extra day in hand in case of need.

NEGOTIATING FOR THE NECKLET.

I looked in at the shop-window before I walked into the shop. Like most watch and clock makers, Ralph Gurden made a show of jewellery. In his case there wasn't much, but what there was was genuine and rather good. The best thing in all the little lot was a pearl necklet with a diamond pendant, unpriced. It would do nicely as the subject of the pending negotiations, which I opened in the unaffected, rather genial and free-and-easy style of an affable man of means "without a bit of side on him, you know"—just the manner of a rich young Colonial visiting the old country for perhaps the first time.

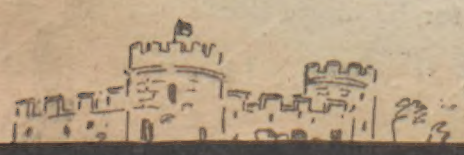
It went down to perfection with the provincial tradesman. He was all smiles, civility, and attention. We had the shop to ourselves, and there didn't seem to be any danger of interruption.

"I think I had the pleasure of seeing you last night, sir," he remarked deferentially, as I stood fingering the necklet that had taken my fancy, as I had put it; "just as I was locking up, sir?"

"Yes," I acquiesced; "I remember you now. I was strolling down from the Castle."

"Gay doings up there now, sir"; then, rather hesitat-

(*Continued on page 576.*)



* The writer gives the actual names of personages and places, but in accordance with the intimation conveyed in our prefatory note, they are deleted.—EDITOR.

£15 19s. FOR A LANCASHIRE READER THIS WEEK

Only Three Matches to Forecast.

All Money Paid Out Weekly.

RESULT OF OUR FIRST FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In our first contest readers were required to forecast the goals scored in three matches played on Jan. 20. That between Sheffield United and Bradford City did not take place, owing to the condition of the ground. In accordance with our Rules, therefore, forecasts concerning that match were disregarded, and the entries were judged according to the forecasts for the two other matches.

Mr. Albert Ellison, 17, Foster Street, Chorley, Lancashire, was the only reader whose forecasts were absolutely correct, and to him, therefore, we have sent a cheque for the whole of the money available for distribution—namely, £15 19s.

Had no one been absolutely correct, the money would have been divided amongst those whose forecasts were most nearly right.

An entry form for our Third Football Competition will be found on page 562. The results of that Competition will be announced in our number published on Monday, Feb. 12.

To be successful in forecasting the results of matches, one must be well acquainted with the various teams engaged, and also with the factors that make for success in a football match, such as whether a team is playing at home or away. A knowledge of the form and special abilities of the various members of the teams is also very necessary in making such a forecast. Various handbooks are published giving facts regarding the past performances of clubs, but the best guide is the information published in the newspapers as to what clubs have done, or have failed to do, in the present season.

As will be observed from our rules, *the prize money will be awarded every week*, no matter whether it be £5 or £500, and whether anyone is absolutely correct or not. We feel that such a course will prove much more satisfactory to competitors than to award a large sum for a complicated solution which is practically impossible of attainment.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING OUR THIRD FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

(1). On the entry form appearing on page 562 you will find the names of six teams playing in three matches next Saturday, February 3. Opposite each name fill in the score which you believe that team will make.

(2). In the event of any one of these matches not taking place that match will not be considered in deciding the Competition; the forecasts made concerning it will be disregarded, and the winners will be selected according to the forecasts made for the other two matches.

(3). Every first attempt in this Competition must be accompanied by a postal order for sixpence, payable to THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., and crossed "and Co." You may make six further attempts free of charge. Thus if you send seven attempts, one sixpenny postal order will be sufficient. If you desire to send more attempts than seven, you must enclose a further sixpence with every additional seven solutions.

(4). Every forecast must be written on the Third Football Competition entry form taken from page 562.

(5). Address your letter to "Third Football Competition," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

(6). All attempts must reach us on or before the first post on Thursday, February 1. Results will appear in our issue published on February 12.

(7). We are not responsible for any coupons lost in the post or mislaid, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8). We accept no responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.

(9). No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this Competition.

(10). The whole of the prize-money received will be awarded to the competitor who sends us the correct forecast. If more than one competitor does so, the money will be divided. If no one is correct, the prize-money will go to the competitor who has only one error, and if there are more than one with only one error, the prize-money will be divided amongst them; and so on. The money received will be paid out every week to the person or persons whose forecasts are correct, or most nearly correct. For example, if the actual score made by a team is 3, and you forecast it as 2, you have made one error. If you forecast it as 5, you have made two errors. So with the other teams: you may make a slight error in each of them and the number of your mistakes in the aggregate may be considerable. Yet you will win the prize if your forecasts are more nearly correct than those of anyone else. Each entry form will be judged independently, and without regard to any others that may accompany it.

(11). Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from competing, as Counsel consider this Competition illegal in Scotland.

(12). The decision published in THE MODERN MAN is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

ATHLETES WHO CHEAT.

USUALLY PROS. ON THE MAKE.

The A.A.A. deals nowadays with a very firm hand with competitors at athletic meetings who are discovered indulging in sharp practice, so that there is less cheating at athletic meetings than used once to be the case. That the evil is not entirely eradicated, however, is shown by a scene which was witnessed some time ago.

It was at a meeting in the North of England, and a number of pro. runners entered their names for some amateur events, declaring that they *were* amateurs. Their object was not so much to win prizes, but to make money by side-bets, for they had, as unknown runners, been conceded small starts.

Just before racing commenced, however, the officials discovered their professional status, but they were in a dilemma. It was not a large meeting, and the pro's. were accompanied by a small army of backers, who declared they *should* run under any circumstances. So nothing was said until the first false amateur appeared and lined up on his mark; when two burly officials suddenly seized him and sat on him while the race was being run. The man blustered a lot, but none of his fellow-crooks came out to compete.

This, however, is an unusual form of athletic trickery. The most commonly-met-with method is to "jockey" an inexperienced or hesitating judge.

A trick that sometimes deceives such a judge is to shoot past the other man after the post is passed, even though he may have been a foot or so ahead at the tape. When this is done cleverly, as many running sharps can do it, it will often delude a judge who is not too well up in his business. Anyhow, many a dead-heat has been declared in a case of the kind, where in reality one of the men was really a foot or so in front on passing the post.

LONDON CAMEOS.

XIV.—PROMPTITUDE.

I looked down from the top of a tram and saw a policeman running along the pavement with an injured little girl in his arms.

She looked like a bundle of dirt and raggedness as he bore her along, her white face turned upwards, her grimed, bare legs swinging.

One of the legs was badly wounded above the knee, literally pouring blood. It looked as though the wheel of some vehicle had gone over it.

The child uttered no sound; she had probably fainted.

Behind followed a straggling little crowd. The tram I was on chanced to stop at that moment, and, looking back, I saw the policeman run up some steps to a door with a red lamp over it, press the bell, and stand waiting with a sort of alert impatience.

Two or three seconds had hardly gone by when the door opened and a keen-faced, bare-headed man came out, stooped over the child, and, with rapid fingers, went over the injured limb. He said something. He turned and gestured towards the crowd—a gesture which was simultaneously understood, for a taxicab drew up at the pavement.

The policeman descended the steps. At the foot of them he was arrested by a woman, terrified, breathless, dishevelled. She made to seize the child, but he pushed her aside, saying something over his shoulder as he passed.

She was tragic-looking for an instant, spasmodically moving her hands.

Someone had opened the taxicab door and the policeman stood aside, jerked his head for the woman to enter, and then followed.

He passed the child over to her as the taxicab gathered speed, looked at his hand and wiped it on his sleeve.

One prayed that the hospital was near. G. A.

THE CURSE

A HUMAN SKETCH.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Over and over again he had promised her upon his honour never to touch another drop. He had sworn before his Maker he would give up the accursed drink altogether.

She was thinking of these things now, as she heard his uncertain step in the hall.

She laid down her sewing on her lap, listening with suspended breath and accelerated heart.

He would come in in a moment—stand rocking with his hand on the door—glaring at her with his frightful, unnatural eyes.

It was a matter of speculation whether he would be evilly inclined, lit, as it were, by the flames of intoxication; or rudely jolly, sodden and slightly stupid, glad after a time to go sleepily to bed.

She could put up with the harmless helplessness of the latter phase; it merely injured his dignity; it did not degrade his character. But the lurid, quiet glow of his wickeder state frightened her. It made possible all manner of unimaginable things—unimagined until she had met him, and, a year ago, become his wife—epithets, corroding sneers, vile abuse—once a blow, often a hint of murder, regularly a horrible gloating over the prospect of her early demise.

The contrast with his natural condition, when he was kind and generous and sympathetic, made her weep very often under the knowledge of an ironic cruelty.

She figured Drink as an abominable, inhuman monster, swart-visaged, and with eyes lit with coals from hell. He took up in his immense hands two puny hearts and tore them apart—bled them to death.

It seemed useless to try to resist him.

* * * * * * *

Her husband opened the door, and, closing it behind him, stood swaying gently as he held on by the handle and regarded her.

He was young almost to boyishness, but with strange shadows and lines marring his bloodless face, and with eyes which glittered with a curious, devilish triumph.

She could not meet their deadly, unnatural brilliance. She went on with her sewing, seeing nothing of the stitches she was putting in.

"Um," he said, after a long interval of silence, "you *are* busy, my dear. . . . Afraid to look up at me, eh? . . . I'm drunk, my darling. DRUNK!"

He felt his way by means of the table to his armchair, carefully sat down in it, and crossed one knee over the other. He settled himself to watch her intently.

She could feel his will beating down hers, commanding her to look up, to stare and observe his fiendish enjoyment of cruelty.

She went on stabbing the stuff, putting stitches in blindly.

He suddenly leaned forward, hissing at her through working lips—"Jezebel!"

She got up to leave the room.

"Sit down," he commanded.

"I was just going to give Mary instructions about your supper."

"I don't want any supper. Sit down."

"I——"

"*Sit* DOWN!"

"I won't."

"You won't, eh?"

He deliberately got to his feet. She made a swift dart for the door, but he was there before her, lips curled in a smile, his eyes ablaze.

Silently he pointed to her chair. She endeavoured to withstand him, to give back glance for glance, pose defiant, expression unquailing and contemptuous. But the blast of his glare appalled her.

She went back, white as death. It would have been easier, far easier, if he had struck her.

He softly laughed and swayingly returned to his chair. Again fell that silence—the silence in which his soul grinned and leered.

"Blessed is the wife," he said, "who delights in the presence of her husband. You look pretty, my dear, to-night. What is that garment you are making? Let me see it."

Her hands lay listlessly on her lap; her head was bowed low. She made no motion to obey.

"Show it me," he said, and the words came abruptly, like a bullet.

She passively held up the partly finished blouse. He leaned forward and dragged it out of her hands.

"Very *chic*," he said, holding it out at arm's length and examining it with his head on one side. "Most charming and becoming. But I don't think it's the colour that will suit you," and deliberately he tore it into shreds.

She betrayed no emotion.

"Sackcloth would suit you better," he hissed, inflamed by her lapse into silence. "Do you hear that, woman? Sackcloth!"

"Yes, I think it would," she agreed, with a swelling throat.

"Take off my boots!"

She knelt down and began to unlace them. He put his hand on her hair and pulled up her face to look at it.

"'And it shall come to pass,' he quoted slowly, 'that instead of sweet smell there shall be stench; and instead of a girdle, a rent; and instead of well set hair, baldness; and instead of a stomacher, a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty.'"

"Yes, burning instead of beauty," she said, huskily.

He pushed her away from him, savagely, satiated.

"Get me some supper," he said. "I've been in the house goodness knows how long, and nobody stirs a finger to do anything. Why the devil don't you sack that girl?"

He got up to help himself to a brandy-and-soda.

* * * * * * *

In the morning he was broken-hearted with penitence.

He told his wife he loved her better than anything else in the world. He could never forgive himself for being such a brute as to vilify her. He never meant a word he said.

"Will you listen to me a moment quietly, Jack?" she requested, with a pallor of face which cut right through to his heart. "I want you to understand it as the real, serious truth. You'll kill me if you go on drinking. I can't bear it. It makes you wicked—far wickeder than you know. I ask you, Jack—while there's time—give it up."

"It's my curse," he groaned, with his hands covering his face. "I *will* give it up, dear. I won't let it beat me. To-day I won't touch a drop."

He stood up with clenched fists and swore it.

She kissed him good-bye in the hall, as usual, and watched him from the step for a few yards down the road.

She turned back into the house, and in the front room watched him from the window.

He walked firmly for some distance. Then at a certain spot his pace slackened; he hesitated, looked back over his shoulder, stopped.

His wife's heart beat violently.

He went into the hotel.

GEORGE EDWARDES—BURGLAR.

Mr. George Edwardes was intended for the Army, and "crammed" with a tutor at Bayswater. Having failed at his first attempt for Sandhurst, Mr. Edwardes was at a loose end, and was on his way home late one evening when he happened to pass his tutor's house.

There was a light in the dining-room. While cramming, Mr. Edwardes had boarded with his tutor and his family, and he still had his latchkey.

Thinking to surprise his tutor, he quietly opened the front door and entered the dining-room, to find nobody, but an excellent supper for one laid on the table.

Apparently the ladies of the household had retired for the night, and had left the meal in readiness for the tutor, who presumably had gone to some evening entertainment.

The supper was uncommonly tempting. Ten minutes later, guilty but replete, Mr. Edwardes unostentatiously left the house.

Next day he called round ostensibly to pay his respects to the tutor's mother, and found the house full of detectives and everyone vastly excited over this particular burglar who had left many valuables untouched. It was a mystery that baffled the family for many years, until at last the culprit owned up.

THE PRICE OF PERJURY.

EVIDENCE IS BOUGHT AND SOLD EVERY DAY

In these days of dashing taxi-cabs and soft-gliding electric broughams, a lucrative form of exploitation has sprung up for the unscrupulous. This consists of bringing actions against taxi-cab companies or private owners for damages in alleged accidents.

In cases such as this witnesses are of absolutely primary importance, and herein lies the gravity of the scandal. Nowadays, even in these times of our boasted high civilisation and high-grade education, "witnesses" are to be bought wholesale.

A man has only to slip and fall at the side of the front wheel of a motor-car, and remain sprawling on the ground when it has gone past. He takes care to memorise its number, and rises painfully and with many groans to his feet. If he is clever, he falls down again, and is assisted up by willing hands.

SELECTING AN ACCOMPLICE.

He casts his eye around among his helpers until he sees a likely man. He approaches him, and asks meaningly: "Did *you* see that car knock me down? I'm going to bring an action." If the other is an honest man, he says he did not see the accident, but if, as the other suspects, he is capable of being bought, he says: "Yes, I did, the blackguard!" Whereupon the two walk away together, and in the seclusion of some quiet public-house or elsewhere they come to terms.

These generally are anything from two guineas to a fiver, according to the magnitude of the claim that is going to be made, and the astute suborner steadfastly refuses to pay anything at all until the other has given his evidence in court. The reason is obvious. Once the evidence has been given, the false witness cannot, even if he would, turn round and say that he had been got at.

To do so would be to admit that he had committed perjury in the witness-box, and the sentence involved in such a confession keeps his lips sealed however much he might desire to round upon the man who bribed him.

INVITING PERJURY BY ADVERTISEMENT.

Worse than this, there are men and women all over the country, and in London especially, whose testimony can be bought by advertisement. Every day you will see numbers of loafers gazing at the personal columns of the papers in the free libraries. They are looking for advertisements, and there are many of them, that run something like this:

"Will anyone who saw elderly gentleman knocked down by motor-car in High Street, Camberwell, on morning of January 11 last, communicate with Messrs. Lyre and Frord, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn."

Nine out of ten such advertisements are inserted with the sole purpose of meeting the eyes of subornable witnesses.

NEATLY SOLD.

Not long ago the editor of an unscrupulous paper stated in its columns that a well-known Londoner dropped his aitches. The man in question brought a libel action. Then the proprietor of the paper hit on the scheme of getting a witness to swear that the other did drop his aspirates. He got hold of a very impecunious free-lance journalist, told him to interview the alleged aitch-dropper, and to take careful note of the way he spoke. "Here," he concluded, handing over a very satisfactory sum of money, "is some cash for your expenses."

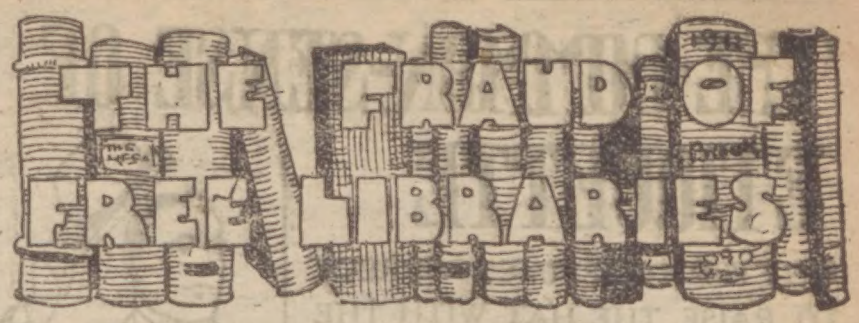
The latter would only have amounted to a 'bus-fare. The paper's proprietor was simply saying in other words, "Here is a certain sum to swear that So-and-So does drop his aitches."

In this case, the biter was bit, for the envoy carefully pocketed the money, and came back announcing calmly that the man in question did *not* drop them!

This is the sort of thing that goes on every day, and scandalous as the practice obviously is, it is difficult to see how it would be possible, whatever ingenious laws might be passed, totally to prevent this kind of paid perjury.

EDWARD WEBSTER.

This paragraph is very short, just long enough to fill out the column. We could have written it twice as long with perfect ease, because we are using one of the MODERN MAN gold-pointed fountain pens. Particulars on page 583.



A SPILL FOR MR. CARNEGIE'S PIPE.

The Free Library is in many respects a sham and a delusion. To begin with, it is not free. The ratepayer pays directly, the non-ratepayer indirectly (through his rent) towards its maintenance.

So far as the lending department is concerned, the Free Library is not open to everybody. If you are not a householder you cannot borrow books from the Free Library unless you get a guarantee from a ratepayer. Many poor people, for whose benefit the Free Library is supposed primarily to exist, cannot obtain this guarantee, for it is not everyone who cares to make himself responsible for fines or possible loss or damage of books.

To the struggling lad living in lodgings or boarding-house in a strange town, the lending department of the Free Library is often inaccessible.

TRASHY FICTION DEMANDED.

The Free Library is supposed to be an educative force, but here it is mainly a rank fraud. The Free Library—the lending department that is—is patronised chiefly by middle-class women who use it for the purpose of obtaining fiction, and not even good fiction.

There is little or no demand for the works of the great romancists, but, on the other hand, there is a steady and insatiable call for fiction of an ephemeral, if not an absolutely worthless type.

As a help to the student or the man anxious to improve his mind, the Free Library is of little practical use. If the fiction department is kept well supplied with new novels, the reference branch is generally out of date.

Recently I desired to consult an encyclopædia and visited the local Free Library, which I may say is a pretty big one. The latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" that they had was over twenty years old, while the most modern encyclopædia in the place was over ten years out of date.

LACK OF FUNDS.

This is not an isolated instance. I have found the same state of affairs in other places, and as a rule the educational branch of a Free Library is stocked with obsolete volumes. The people responsible for the stocking of Free Libraries are not to blame, except in so far as they waste money on, and encourage the reading of, trashy fiction.

The plain truth is that they have not the money to maintain a first-class educational library. In one way we spend far too much on Free Libraries, for what is spent is mainly wasted, but in another sense we do not spend nearly enough. The Free Library ship is often spoilt for want of a ha'porth of tar.

An unlimited supply of good literature should be the birthright of every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, but it cannot be provided under the Free Library system. As things are, some people are taxed for Free Libraries, others are not, for even to-day there are many places where there are no Free Libraries.

WHY NOT A NATIONAL TAX?

Assuming that good literature should be within the reach of all, the nation should provide it—at present the Free Library is maintained by the individual, and many escape their share of what should be a national tax.

A penny local rate is insufficient to maintain a really first-class library, but none dare make it more. On the other hand, if everybody paid a penny a year Free Libraries would be established and maintained on an adequate basis.

Then there should be no restriction in the obtaining of books. Anybody, whether ratepayer or not, should be able to obtain books on demand, and they should be exchangeable anywhere.

The juvenile department of the average Free Library is very weak. It should be strong.

Inadequately stocked, hampered with unnecesary restrictions, and used chiefly by people who can well afford to subscribe to circulating libraries, the Free Library as at present constituted is a fraud.

THE COMMON-SENSE OF ETIQUETTE

WHY IS IT SOMETIMES CORRECT TO RAISE THE HAT WITH THE LEFT HAND?

In some aspects what we call etiquette is an artificial growth. Viewed in this light, it is not so much etiquette as customs invented by, and peculiar to, a class or coterie.

An Oxford undergraduate, for example, meeting another, does not shake hands with him—it would not be etiquette to do so—but this is a custom which does not concern people at large, and ignorance of which is no discredit to the "outsider."

Genuine etiquette, however, is founded on common-sense, is not the exclusive property of any section of society, and ignorance of it generally argues a boorish, thoughtless, or inconsiderate person.

DANCES AND WATCH-CHAINS.

Why, for instance, should you, when passing a lady and taking off your hat to her, do so with the hand that is the more remote from her? The common-sense answer is that if you are passing close to her and take off your hat with the "near" hand, you may easily give her an accidental blow with your hat or arm.

Again, why should you not wear a watch-chain when at a dance? The practical explanation is that when dancing with a lady your chain would be liable to become entangled in her dress, and either to damage it or itself be damaged.

In table etiquette we once more find the same underlying principles of sound sense. If you use a knife to convey peas, cheese, or anything to your mouth, you are liable to cut yourself. If you do, this means unpleasantness to other people. It is disagreeable to sit at the same table with a man who is bleeding all over it. There is nothing inherently wrong in eating cheese with a knife. It is "bad form" simply because it is a stupid, dangerous practice.

ENTREES AND CURRIES.

Why should you not use a knife when eating an entrée? Because it is unnecessary, and the redundant is always ugly. In the case of curry, there is a still stronger reason why you should not employ your knife—the steel spoils the flavour, and is liable to be corroded by the juices of the curry.

Etiquette says that the correct footwear for board-ship is either rubber-soled shoes or, if leather soles are worn, they must contain either no nails or copper nails only. Here again is common-sense. Steel nails would rust and leave marks on the deck.

The rule of the road, which, of course, is founded on the practical necessity of having a code to regulate traffic, says that when riding with a lady you should keep on her right-hand. Why? For two reasons. First, if you are on her left-hand you are likely to bump against her, riding side-saddle as she does; next, the rule of the road is that when riding you keep to the left; therefore, if you are on the lady's right-hand side you are between her and any passing or overtaking traffic, and are a protector to her from being splashed or spattered, or being run into.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

Similarly, when walking with a lady you keep on her outside to prevent her being pushed or jostled into the roadway or splashed by passing vehicles.

When dancing it is very bad form to hold your left arm straight out like a pump-handle, for the plain reason that if you do you are likely to hurt other dancers.

A letter of introduction should be delivered personally, but you should not ask to see the person to whom it is addressed. Common-sense again. It would be embarrassing for you to stand by while he was reading the letter, and for him to read it while you were present.

The letter is a request to him to show you kindness and hospitality, but he may either not wish to do so, or, at the moment, be unable to respond to your mutual friend's recommendation. Leave the letter along with your card, and await results.

E. H. HILL.

MY NOTEBOOK.

VISITORS. I don't suppose that any man receives so many different types of visitors as does an editor.

The visitors I like best are those readers who come to see me with no ulterior motive but just out of pure friendliness. Such pleasant interviews, however, do not by any means constitute the whole of the visits in the course of the day's work.

The other morning I was particularly busy, when a man called from a firm of art printers. According to my usual practice, I saw him. He seemed rather inexperienced, so I told him right away that I could give him only a very short time. Thereupon he began to spin a long story about his firm, and what they could do. What he said had no bearing on my particular line of business. I told him that three-colour process work was of no use to us.

"But what about your cover?" he asked. "What kind do you go in for?"

I asked him whether I was really to understand that he had come to see me without having any knowledge whatsoever of the paper, and he admitted that that was the case. Thereupon I told him that the time at my disposal was finished, and wished him good-bye.

To interview a man who is so incompetent as to come to you unprepared with such knowledge of your requirements as can easily be obtained, makes one sometimes feel that accessibility has its drawbacks. But such misses are well compensated for by occasional bull's-eyes.

AMATEUR AUTHORS. The only class of visitor whom I absolutely refuse to see is the budding journalist. Experience has shown me that the average of bull's-eyes in his case goes down to somewhere about zero. Occasionally these ingenious people represent themselves simply as friendly readers, and thus secure an interview, but I can usually diagnose their complaint as soon as they come into my room, for the expression on the face of a man who wants to get a bit is different from the open candour that radiates from the countenance of the visitor who has merely come for a friendly chat. The diagnosis is generally correct.

"Are you, by any chance, in the trade?" I ask, and the confession is stammered forth, "Yes, I am an author and journalist."

The definition of an author and journalist appears to be a man who has prepetrated anything which has ever been printed, from a three-line advertisement in the small wants column of a newspaper, to a six-shilling novel.

The unknown genius is thereupon wished a courteous but firm farewell, and informed that anything he cares to submit will receive due consideration. It is a waste of time to discuss matters with these people, because, however bright their idea may be, it is ten to one that they cannot set it out in a readable and attractive manner. So far as my experience goes, it does not pay an editor to interview a contributor until the writer has proved his worth by turning out several acceptable articles, showing that he understands and appreciates the spirit of the paper, and can meet the requirements of its readers.

A BREEZY VISITOR. The other day there called upon me a visitor of another type. He was, I learned, a chauffeur in private service. He had lost his League badge, and, happening to be passing with his car, he dropped in for another, and, happening to have dropped in, he thought he might as well shake hands with the man at the helm.

He told me about the other readers whom he had met in all parts of the country through the introduction of his badge, and he told me about taking the part of a cow-boy at the Crystal Palace Pageant, and being taught the higher art of horsemanship by Billy Waite, the Australian champion rough-rider, whose contribution to these pages will be remembered.

It was only a brief interview, but the hearty smile and ruddy, wind-beaten face of the chauffeur left the editorial office a trifle brighter than it found it—only for a minute or two, of course, for the next card to be brought in proved by its inscription that its owner was not only an author and journalist, but also a poet and dramatist, and a pencilled note on the back informed me that he had a serial story to sell—and we, as you know, never use serials.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S LOST LEGION.

A TERRITORIAL STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Trooper Kernahan, of the "King's Own," the Yeomanry regiment that always prided itself on going a little further on the march or on the "bust" than the next one, took the two cans of Worthington on draught from the tray of the steward in the Yeomanry room of the Territorial Club.

His guest was one Gibson, Sergeant of the Bremouth Cyclists, and critic-in-chief of Kernahan's beloved "B" Squadron.

Kernahan counted up the penny-nap collection of miscellaneous money handed him by the steward.

"I find life," he said, "consists of a lot of change, especially if you order two cans of bitter and plank down a half-crown in payment at our four-ale bar here."

Gibson allowed it to pass, for some of the cushions dropped in mid-air if one threw them, owing to lack of more than a dozen feathers apiece, and it is not well to handicap oneself if one continues to retain a certain pride in marksmanship; and these cushions, as missiles, had long lost the uniformity of a howitzer shell.

Previously the room had been packed by many of the old faces—faces that recently had appeared only above the civilian collar.

"Quite like old times," said Gibson, happily. "Why have our friends made general exit? They seemed to me to be mostly your vaunted Tenth Legion that's been sleeping on its spears of late. There's something afoot. Correct me if I am wrong."

"Wrong? You? You never were wrong in your life—barring the occasion when you sent off a detachment of men at Fildes' farm to milk the cows, and then discovered they were all bullocks. The Tenth Legion—well, yes, they have been rather slack of late. But we've been workers in our time. *You* may remember, for instance——"

"Oh, yes, but we've had you same as you've had us."

"Grand old days!" said Kernahan, with relish. "But there's been nothing doing——"

"All sighing for fresh worlds to conquer," said Gibson, archly.

"It may be that. Well, anyway, the drill before last our respected Sergeant-Major Brighton came up to me pretty unhappy. As I've stated to you from my own view, it appeared that he also had found life consisted of a lot of change, only, in his instance, for the worse and not for the mere benefit of a steward wishing to clear out his coppers. He didn't look happy.

"'Well, Major,' I said to him, 'how's the fresh blood?'

"We had a tidy sprinkling of fresh recruits. Gone are the days of the Territorial boom now, you know, Gibson. The veterans resign in batches.

"'The Kindergarten?' he said to me, ever so bitterly. 'Oh, the steward'll have their bread and milk ready presently. Then we must send 'em back to their little homesies. They mustn't overtire themselves.'

"'Ungrateful beast,' I said, 'and our squadron's only about ten below its establishment.'

"'Yes, but you're counting all as men. Properly reckoned, it takes three of 'em to make one like the old boys—the boys that had go in 'em, the boys that used to work hard and play hard, and kept us together——'

"And he went on like that.

"'The very chaps,' I cut in, 'whom you upbraided for being a collection of devils. 'Member how you used to say we were responsible for all your new sproutings of grey hair every spring?'

"'Ah, you *can* rot, Mr. Kernahan,' he said to me; 'but there isn't any getting away from it. The game's nearly over. The interest is gone. It's a hollow victory for our enemies who posed as friends. Territorialism is on the run,' he said. 'Conscription's beaten us horse, foot, and guns. It's turned our precious efficiency flank, silenced our good intention batteries, cockled up our beglamoured cavalry, and delivered a crushing attack on our main body of voluntary service. Instance of the whole thing is in this very regiment.'

"And he started humming

'Where are the boys of the old brigade, who marched with us side by side?'

After a quick glance through it, Kernahan cast it into the flames.

"'I know exactly the position your batteries are going to be unveiled on,' I said to him. 'You're going to ask me where the Legion gets to in these days.'

"'Yes, Kernahan,' he said, 'I was going to ask you where the phantom army is; where is the lost Legion?' he said. 'Hall was with us, Carteret was for us. I could continue with twenty good names.'

"'Communicate with Lord Haldane,' I said. 'They're fifth year, sixth year, seventh year men, are the Tenth Legion. What does the War Office do for 'em? It says, "Come so many times a year and then sign on again for another year. Show an example to the regiment and—and the War Office will give you not one scrap more encouragement than the rest."'

"'They haven't got the first interest of the recruit, you know, 'Major,' I said to him. 'A rifle isn't something that's going off bang; swords aren't gleaming things of wonder, with which fierce hand-to-hand fighting may take place one day (only, I hope, after they have been duly stropped). Great thing to realise is that the best of men are grown-up boys, wanting amusement in their occupation. In business you play for increasing money, if you keep at it. In this game there's not for the efficient man a privilege worth having to play for. Hence we possess a lost Legion.'

"The Sergeant-Major sat back listening to all my graceful flow, you know, Gibson, and I drew him like a badger.

"'Good heavens, that ever I should live to hear you talk generally about "B" Squadron, Kernahan!' he said. 'You should hear what I'm thinking about you. Haldane'—you should have seen how he was shaking his fist—'what's a thousand Haldane's to "B" Squadron, or, rather, the "B" Squadron that *was*? War Office? What in seven different kinds of hell is the War Office? Aren't we the old brigade that always marched side by side? Were we ever stragglers? Did we ever disgrace our mothers by showing by word or deed that they bred jibbers?' Kernahan, I'm sorry; that's all. And I think that's about all I can say at present,' he said.

"And the dear old chap got up and marched stiffly off from the one man whom he least expected, as his parting shot had it, to find a carping, privilege-seeking, money-grubbing, mere, plain Territorial before he was a 'B' Squadron man.

"Well, I had the country mapped out then with the precision of the Tokio staff college before the Japs had a swipe at the Russians. Every bit of the terrain was as plain as the lines of a hand to a palmist. But, mark you, the Major held that country, and it remained for me to await his next move.

"I had an inkling of it; I caught a note of it, Gibson. There was a trace of the sounding of the retreat, old man; what retreat you'll hear. And it meant good-bye to 'B' Squadron! It would be wiped out more effectually than by a high explosive shell bursting right over the trenches!

"A good squadron killed off is one thing. Its name is there. Its colours are something to rally round. But"—Kernahan's voice dropped—"by gad, Gibson, a squadron fizzled out, a squadron dead of inanition, is very much another. It runs cold down my back to think of this very drill hall. . . . The empty air. The rifles in their racks. Somewhere in the far corner a handful of—of mere Territorials, Gibson, to whom 'B' Squadron is nothing but something to 'list in; and you've got to think that that was your squadron once and be disgusted; slink away and say to no one, 'I was a "B" man.' . . . Ever had that feeling about your little crew, Gibson? It's not good.

"The disposition of the retreat in front of the superior forces of inanition was conducted in skilful fashion. The 'Major made one feint to cover it and gauge the strength of the enemy for the purpose of holding his ground, if there was a chance. Yes, I knew he would hold it if he saw there was a chance.

"He came up to me last drill night, and he said:

"'Are the Tenth Legion still worthy of trust?'

"'I can answer for them,' I said.

"He looked at me a little hopelessly.

"'In the old days you'd have verbally knocked me down for that question,' he said.

"So I would then had I not known the man I was operating against. I was, as you might say, one small gun. I should have disclosed the position of my battery under the enemy's nose, and without any effect. One little bark when the battery alone could speak effectively—and the moment had to be right, too—would have been suicidal.

"'Letting that pass,' I said, 'what's required of the Tenth Legion?'

"'Some service in the interests of the squadron,' he said.

"'Muster when?' I asked him.

"'To-morrow night, in the sergeants' mess-room,' he said, 'at eight.'

"So I gave him the unofficial salute and left him.

"We have, as you know, Gibson, a little system in the Tenth Legion. I passed the word on to Stephen; he's my first post. The Legion, I expect, was pretty scattered that night, but I believe that a half-hour saw everyone in possession of the mobilisation order; and there was not a man absent when the Sergeant-Major received us.

"He spoke for about a quarter of an hour; but it was a heart to heart talk by our Lady Coraline to *us!* Duty platitudes, keeping together, encouraging the young—and all as if we hadn't our way of doing it without starting out on a vestry-organised self-help league for young men, than which there is nothing a recruit bars more.

"They'd kindly allowed me to do the giddy generalissimo, and I think that I made an effective assault on the Sergeant-Major from an altogether unexpected quarter. When he'd finished, I got up on my hind legs.

"'Gentlemen of the Legion,' I said very grandiloquently (good!), 'the Sergeant-Major has called us together to perform a service to the squadron. Great cause had he to do so, for the Sergeant-Major of it,' I said, 'stands in the most dire need of immediate reformation. He's gone so far as to doubt the Legion's continued interest in the squadron; he's dared to lecture an unofficial and altogether independent, if efficient, body on its supposed falling from the standard, and his very words prove that in a greater degree than all of us he is not the effective unit he was. I don't think there's anything else to say,' I said. 'I've heard of effrontery, and the 'Major takes it!'

"And I looked round on a silently assenting assembly, Gibson. Before I'd turned my head again, the 'Major had gone.

"My attack had succeeded, and we'd made good the commanding position. We had the 'Major's every reserve unmasked, and the next move of it was to be not only clear to our eyes, but open to our fire.

"'Now,' I said to the boys, 'we shall really see his game. He wants the old days back. He shall have them.'

"'Yes,' said old Stephen. 'Remember how we used to hang about his office and do his correspondence for him? I believe that bears on the position,' he said.

"'You follow the line,' I said. 'The Captain will come down next week——'

"'And if his intention is what we think it is, it will be made pretty plain to us. It'll be in a thick batch,' said Stephen. 'Golly, how thick!'

"'The laborious but conscientious work of a week. The 'Major was never anything to bet on over the pen and ink course,' said young Carteret.

"'As a literary production, of course, it'll be his *magnum opus*,' I said, 'and will contain every little reason for the resignation of Sergeant-Major Brighton from "B" Squadron, owing mainly to paucity of support!'"

Trooper Kernahan looked at the clock a little anxiously.

"The Captain is here, the 'Major is attending to the recruits beneath his eye, my dear Gibson, and the office, you will note, is empty," he said. "The Tenth Legion at this moment should be taking their old interest in the official correspondence of the Sergeant-Major, who never was anything over the pen and ink course, and always asked for the sub-editorial services of anyone who dropped in. Carteret, I think, fancies himself a little in this department. But he should be here by now—should be here——"

The door clicked. Carteret came in with dishevelled hair.

"The general supposition was right, and, my word," he said, casting a package of blue paper at Kernahan, "the punctuation is something atrocious, but the subject matter's lovely! The story of a sad man 'what ain't understood in 'is own 'ome.'"

Gibson looked up with faint interest. Anything that the Tenth Legion did had long since ceased to surprise him, and he said no word even when, after a quick glance through it, Kernahan cast it into the flames in the most casual manner in the world.

A moment later the Sergeant-Major came into the room with the Captain, who was very evidently in a hurry.

Also, he seemed to look with the merest significance at Kernahan when he said to the Sergeant-Major, "I've no time to come to your office for the reports to-night."

He left them all hurriedly, with an electric "Good-night, you men," to which the response rang with genuine liking from all.

"And that's the chap," said Kernahan, to the Sergeant-Major, "whom you're going to bother to wade through pages upon pages of utter pabble-tuff, and he's a literary man, too, by way of recreation. Reads Johnson and Burns."

"And other prize-fighters," Carteret echoed.

"You've been into my office," said the Sergeant-Major hotly to Kernahan.

"And since when were the Legion barred? Young Carteret dropped across a horrible effort of yours that would have helped to get the Auxiliary Forces damned as illiterate for ever."

"Never mind about that——"

"I don't. Why should I, seeing that it's in the fire?"

Kernahan had risen, and suddenly from without a crew of, as it were, amiable elephants entered the room, and jostled and encompassed the old Sergeant-Major about.

"Why, 'Major, darlin'," said Kernahan, in his best Biddy style, "and how d'ye think we wad have lived widout ye?"

The Sergeant-Major felt hefty arms wound around him lovingly.

"And how," said someone, "would we have made our position worth winning if we hadn't held out the other night—to you who never loved much that which was not got by fighting?"

Kernahan took his sword out of the scabbard, and offered it to the Sergeant-Major.

"You've outflanked us," he said. "We're jolly well broke and bust-up by your last move. We surrender."

The Sergeant-Major blinked oddly.

"Why—why——" he began.

But Stephen, as of old, was at the piano. As of old, too, in full chorus, the Tenth Legion were singing:

"Steadily, shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily, blade by blade . . .
Steady and strong, marching along,
Like the boys of the Old Brigade."

And, wonderful to relate, the Sergeant-Major looked straight at no one while they sang that refrain.

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How you are to get to know.

SUCH is the recipe for success given by the head of a well-known business house the other day.

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Two Opinions.

Sir THOMAS DEWAR, Managing Director, J. Dewar & Sons, Ltd.

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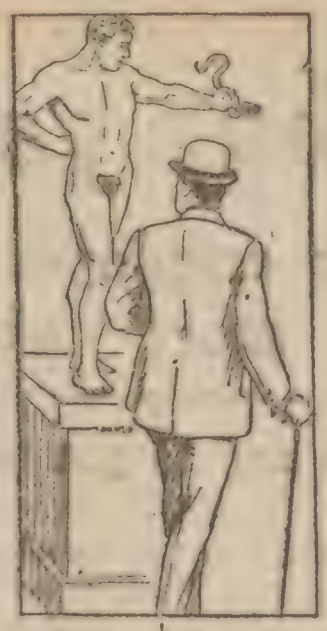


A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

ADAPTING EXERCISES.

THE ART OF SELECTION.

Although the exercises here described are carefully selected so that they cover all the ground of Physical Culture and leave no muscle untouched, yet I sometimes have complaints from readers that I have not given exercises for this part of the body or that, simply because I have not chanced to name that particular portion of the anatomy.

One letter comes from a Bradford reader, who, apart from the initials "O. M.," remains anonymous and without a home: "I have had the pleasure of looking through your paper a number of times, but the article I have looked for I have not yet seen, so I will ask you to give it through your page. Can you tell me a good exercise to get rid of a 'charlie' in the back, and to make one square-shouldered?"

This is the first time I have heard of a "charlie in the back," so that I scarcely know how to prescribe a cure; but the request for an exercise to make one square-shouldered probably explains my correspondent's meaning. If he will look through his back numbers he will find many exercises in which the shoulders are brought into play, and every one of them, by developing the extensor muscles of the back, will make his shoulders as square as he wishes them.

I raise the point because I frequently get letters like this, and they show that there are too many who take a slack sort of interest in Physical Culture. They expect that they should obtain the result they want by reading the description of an exercise, just as they might swallow a pill. The intelligent student of Physical Culture, on the other hand, tries every exercise that he comes across, observes closely the muscles that it brings into play, and knows at once whether it is suitable for his individual requirements or not. That is the only way that you can get benefit from exercises that are prescribed, as these are, for general use. If you desire to have special exercises made out for your individual requirements, then it is necessary to place yourself in the hands of a teacher who can give your case individual attention. By following these general exercises, however, and by noting those that affect the muscles in which you are deficient, you can get along wonderfully well.

FROM THE STAND-AT-EASE.

A SPECIAL TENSING EXERCISE.

(1) Stand at attention, with the heels together and the hands by the sides.

(2) Keeping the legs straight, carry the left foot one foot length to the left, so that the weight of the body rests equally upon both feet, and at the same time place the hands behind the back, with the back of the right hand in the palm of the left, which grasps it lightly with the fingers and thumb. Let the arms hang easily at their full length. You are now in the correct military position of stand-at-ease.

Concentrate the mind on the muscles.

(3) Tense all the muscles of the arms and hands so that the left hand now grips the right hand firmly. The tension must be such that the muscles of the arms begin to vibrate.

(4) Now, still keeping up the tension, raise the hands till they reach the level of the waist. Slowly lower them to the former position, and then relax the tension. Pause for a moment, and repeat ten or twelve times.

While you are tensing the muscles of the arms, keep the chest well braced and the shoulders back. You will find this a first-rate exercise for all the arm-muscles, and especially for those of the fore-arm. It also broadens the shoulders and expands the chest.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

J. H. (Belfast).—Your measurements are by no means good, and you should not attempt lifting heavy weights till you have more to lift them with. Practise the exercise given this week, and go in for long-distance walking.

C. B. R. (Leicester).—There is no harm in having a cup of coffee immediately on getting up in the morning, provided it does not spoil your appetite for breakfast afterwards.

W. D. (Folkestone).—Because one or two vegetarians happen to be successful as athletes is not sufficient reason for adopting vegetarianism. This form of dietary may be useful in rheumatic and other cases, but should never be adopted unless your doctor prescribes it.

R. D. (Newcastle).—There appears to be nothing seriously wrong with you, or you would not be able to eat so well, but your nerves are in need of a general toning up. Better try one of the Ambrose Wilson magneto belts.

G. P. F. (Dundee).—Place a piece of cotton-wool in each ear before you enter the swimming-bath. This will prevent the water from entering the inner ear and causing the buzzing in the head.

T. H. (Wakefield).—Cold extremities are not necessarily a sign of a weak heart. The quickest way to warm the hands is to wash them in hot water.

A. S. (Whitehaven).—We do not recommend teachers of whose courses we know nothing, and, as we have never examined the lessons of the one whom you mention, we can express no opinion.

"READER" (Huddersfield).—Legs good, but chest and arms very poor.

J. C. (Mansfield).—We are not acquainted with the make of bar-bell which you mention. Probably your friend, or the man from whom he bought it, could tell you the name of the manufacturer.

"RECRUIT" (Aldershot).—Drop smoking for a while and the shortness of breath will probably disappear.

C. C. (York).—The best people for you to go to are Maxick and Saldo. They give special attention to those requiring the development you wish.

"A man is as old as he feels"

If he has a good appetite and a good digestion he is as young as the youngest of us. The habit of taking Mustard regularly at meals, begun in youth, has kept many an old man young—the best Mustard, of course,

Colman's D.S.F. mustard

SMITH'S EXERCISES SCHOOL, Shepherd's Bush, London (next Empire Music Hall). Boxing, Jujitsu, Wrestling and Exercises to make and keep you fit, taught privately, in classes or club, at moderate terms. Postal lessons from 2/6. Any athletic, sporting, &c., article supplied at wholesale price. Personal instruction only by the famous expert and trainer of champions Prof. VERNON SMITH. Send two stamps for illus. book and particulars. Recommended by Editor of this journal.

A STORY OF THE STAGE.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

By ROBERT OVERTON.

Of course I have. It isn't likely that I should be on the stage for twenty years without having strange experiences. Eh? And difficulty in fixing the strangest? Not the least.

It was the extraordinary adventure in connection with which I sold my part to an amateur for one night for twenty pounds—twenty pounds, sir; a half cash down and half next morning. I've heard all sorts of guesses as to the motive that was behind the amateur—vanity, insanity, and intoxication, or a mixture of all three, or of either two, coming out top of the poll. But Mr. Colin Havers hadn't an ounce of bluff, side, or conceit in the whole of his six-feet of young British manhood; if the ruse he thought of and carried through seems to be a mad one, its madness was that of a genius; and his one weakness was his teetotalism.

It was love for a woman—nothing less and nothing else—that inspired him—pure, simple, manly, and natural love. And, to my thinking, what is pure, simple, manly, and natural is holy; so I always think and speak respectfully of the honest love of big Colin Havers for pretty, bashful, little Pansy Corelli—her real name, by the by, though it doesn't sound like it.

Pansy had the body of a small Venus, the heart of a child, and the soul of a saint. If there is any Puritan who would add, in his ignorance, "although she was an actress," shame be on his head; though, I admit, I did not know Pansy so well, or at all intimately, till after her hasty exit from the boards for ever. I mean in private life, for on the stage our relations were so close while we each played a leading character part in "Next-of-Kin," that every night in the last act we had to go through the very simple form of ceremony that is sufficient for a Scotch marriage, and in the last scene she had to claim me as her husband and I had to acknowledge her as my wife.

Now, as to this part of mine. In the style and loose fashion in which I am telling my story it must appear to be a very unlikely coincidence that the character I enacted was named Colin Havers, but, as a matter of fact, there's nothing in it. The Colin Havers of real life was a pal of the author's, who was struck by the sound and look of the name for theatrical use, and stuck it in with its owner's permission.

"Next-of-Kin" had done well wherever we had put it on in England, and when the bookings took it north of the Tweed we had no misgivings as to its success among the canny Scots, though why their verdict carries weight is because it is always a critical verdict. When we reached Edinburgh, Pansy surprised us by telling us it was the city of her birth and earliest childhood—she'd been so long south that all the heather had rubbed off her tongue in ordinary conversation, though it had certainly been noticed how well she did the brogue in the part she was playing.

We opened on the Monday night at the Theatre Royal to a full house. As I was dressing after the last scene in which I had to appear, a note was brought round to me dated from the Edinburgh Hotel in Prince's Street. It was signed "Colin Havers," and ran much as follows:

"Dear Mr. Roland Valentine,—I am enjoying quite a long visit to this charming capital, and am staying at above. Will you come and have a little supper here with me after the show to-night? I want to have a talk with you."

At the time of the production of "Next-of-Kin" in London, Mr. Havers had attended rehearsals several times, and I'd met him once or twice afterwards; but still I felt rather astonished, as well as greatly flattered, to receive this invitation, worded in terms of such friendly familiarity, as my prospective host was no end of a swell.

He received me with an unaffected charm of manner that was all his own, and the supper, served in a private room, was a particularly enjoyable one. But once or twice I found myself wondering more and more what he was doing it all for. Over the choicest of cigars he showed his hand. There was no beating about the bush.

"I want to play your part one evening, Valentine, while the show's here," he said, quietly.

"Play my part!"

"Yes. Let's say Wednesday. Of course, I don't want you to oblige me for nothing. If you'll kindly put this tenner in your pocket now, I shall ask you to accept another after my *début*."

"Surely you're not stage-struck?" I exclaimed.

"Not in the least—but there's no need to enter into the cause of my determination. The part isn't a long one, and I'm letter perfect in it. The play's published, you know, and I've been studying it up. As for the business of the part, I've seen you in it a score of times—and it's very easily dressed. I want you to send word to Flambow" (Flambow was running the No. 1 company) "about an hour before the curtain goes up, that you've been taken suddenly queer and can't go on. Leave the rest to me. I'll guarantee that Flambow jumps at my offer to take your place—he'll be in a hole, you see, because the character hasn't been under-studied, you know. I've learnt that, and, in fact, I've thought the whole thing out from beginning to end."

When I demurred, as I not unnaturally did, I had a revelation of the hidden force and inflexible resolution of the man's character. His jaws clinched, the lines of his mouth hardened into iron firmness, his pleasant eyes grew steely. In a moment, and for a minute, his whole appearance was transfigured. The minute was long enough to convince me that he wasn't going to be thwarted—if he couldn't gain his object in one way, he certainly would in some other.

I knew his influence with Flambow, and had an idea that he'd very likely helped to finance him; but, like the gentleman he was, he had first approached me—and undeniably in a most generous spirit. Why should I let his twenty pounds pass me? What a delightful crackle there was in that ten-pound note as it changed hands.

"Mind, Valentine," were his last words, earnestly spoken, "you're not to be very bad—not laid up, you know; but only queer—strange giddiness—fainting fit—too much Scotch—something light like that, and quickly recoverable from: because, after the curtain has fallen, I shall have a spread laid on the stage for the entire company to celebrate the performance of 'Colin Havers,' by Colin Havers, 'for one night only'; and it would never do for you not to be one of my guests, would it?"

I didn't meet him again till after that fateful show on the Wednesday night. Of course, I didn't see it, but I know that everything went off well. He took his work very seriously, and played without nervousness or embarrassment. I turned up just as everybody was sitting down to the spread—and what a spread it was! Flambow faced him in the "vice-chair," Pansy had been placed next to him on the right at the head of the table, and the rest had sorted themselves.

Not one of us will ever forget what followed that banquet—for that is what it really amounted to. I sha'n't be many words out if I try to repeat Havers's speech verbatim. With face slightly flushed, and sparkling eyes—though he'd not tasted a drop of what he'd provided so plentifully for others and the glass he had just filled had nothing intoxicating in it—he rose to his feet, and—tall and square—looked steadily at the expectant company.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am glad that it is possible to depart from established etiquette without departing from decorum, for circumstances constrain me to be guilty of a breach of mere rule and custom on this occasion. There is only one toast to be drunk to-night, and I am going to propose it."

Here he lifted his glass, and we all rose. He paused to make sure that every glass was charged, and continued:

"Join me, one and all, in wishing happiness and long years of health and blessing, to—My Wife!"

With all the new pride and joy of a bridegroom in his bearing, he added, "God bless her"—as he turned to Pansy, on whose grieved face amazement and indignation struggled for the mastery. Which gained it I couldn't tell, for she sank back into her seat, and bowed her head over the table between trembling hands.

One voice cried "Shame!"—several voices cried "What do you mean?"—and more ejaculated "Your wife?"

Commanding, by look and gesture, a silence that re-

mained unbroken till he had finished speaking, Colin Havers increased the sensation he had caused.

"For two years, which is the same as saying since I first met her, I have loved this lady with an honourable love—a love of which I am proud and she need not be ashamed. Nearly two years ago I offered her in marriage my heart, my home, and my name. She refused me. She has refused me since many times, for many times have I asked her again—though so respectful have I been in my attentions that to others they have been unnoticeable. If I had been only once refused for any valid reason I would have borne it like a man, and never spoken again. But not because of anything discreditable in my record, not because the woman I love is entirely indifferent to me, for she confesses that she has never been, and not because of any other fair and just reason has she persistently said me nay. The only obstacle has been her own pride. She was too proud to marry a rich man—with a possible title in the background somewhere. Either too proud or too fearful—or both—fearful that by-and-by I should regret, and so on. . . .

"Something had to be done, and I've done it. . . . Pansy, you are Scotch by birth and parentage. I have purposely been here long enough to acquire Scotch domicile. This evening you married me in my own name on this spot in the presence of witnesses and in accordance with a Scotch rite. Subsequently, you claimed me as your husband and I acknowledged you as my wife. From to-night my home is your home. To-night, and from to-night, we are man and wife."

He meant it. Absolutely, literally, positively meant it—and, upon my soul, he made some of us think that he had really done the trick. You know it is quite possible to be legally married in Scotland without being aware of it.

The scene was indescribable—at all events, I can't describe it—but it had the happiest ending. Gradually the men all gathered round Havers and the women round Pansy. Then Mr. and Mrs. Flambow had an excited talk to themselves, after which motherly Mrs. Flambow took Pansy on one side.

The end of it was that the latter consented to go through again, there and then, with intention, the brief ceremony she had gone through a few hours previously without intention; and when she had done so we drained our glasses to her husband's toast after all. And then we drank to his health too—that of the amateur who acted the part of a Scottish married husband for one night only. No, no, no!—I mean for one night only on the stage. They've got seven children.

A HIGH-CLASS BICYCLE and TEN HALF-CROWNS for CLEVER "CENTRES."

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

This week we have devised a new form of Competition for the amusement and profit of our readers. For the best "Centre" we shall give a high-class bicycle, and shall also present consolation prizes of half a crown to each of the ten readers whose "Centres" come next in merit.

The phrase from which you must form your "Centre" is "Motor Drivers."

If you examine these two words, you will find that the centre letters are "T" and "V" respectively. Now, we want you to form a phrase of two words beginning with "T" and "V" respectively, and bearing some relation in meaning to the phrase given.

The two words may be humorous, serious, or pathetic, whichever you like. For example, your "Centre" might be "Terrified Victims," but don't use that one, for it is only an example.

Write your "Centre" on the coupon for our "Centres" Competition appearing on page 562, and forward it to "Centre," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, to reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday, February 6. The result will appear in our issue published on Monday, February 12.

Send as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate coupon.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition.

The Editor's decision is final and binding in every respect, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

SWINDLES.—*Continued from page 566.*

ingly, as though half afraid of taking a liberty, "but perhaps you are staying with the Duke yourself, sir?"

"Oh, no," I laughed, a little bitterly. "His Grace draws the line at the sons of Colonials who have made their money in trade."

Then I seized the chance he had given me, and came out with my grievance, of which I made the most. I had to return to Australia in a week's time, and I had run down from London on purpose to see over the Castle, with its talked-of wonders and treasures, before I sailed. I should be asked a lot of questions about it, and them, when I got back home, for intimate friends there—as a matter of fact, the necklet was for one of the young ladies of the family, if I bought it—had originally emigrated from that part of the country. And now, just because the Duke and Duchess were in residence and entertaining, I couldn't get admission. It was too bad . . . . and I took care to lose my temper a bit in finishing the story of my disappointment and disgust.

THE FAMILY CUSTOM.

The jeweller was sympathetic, especially as there was no hope of entrance while H.R.H. was there. In fact, the rule that closed the Castle to all uninvited visitors while "the family" was in residence had never been known to be broken in any circumstances. "The price of the necklet and pendant, sir? Sixty-three pounds, sir."

He looked his next remark without putting it into words. It was to the effect that he wished to goodness I had asked more.

"Just let me have pen and ink," I said, "and I'll write you a cheque. But I'm a stranger to you, and you needn't be afraid that I shall ask you to take it on trust. Now that I'm down here I shall stop till the end of the week. That will give you time to clear my cheque, and then you can bring the necklet thing up to me at the 'County Family.'"

Mr. Gurden was smiling as though his face would split. I was most considerate—not that he would ever have thought of asking me such a thing for a moment—he hoped he knew a gentleman when he saw one—would I step into the little room behind the shop?

A SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

I would and I did. I asked him his name, flattened out my cheque-book, dipped the pen, and was about to write when a sudden thought seemed to strike me.

"By the by, Mr. Gurden," I asked, as I laid the pen down for a moment, "who keeps in order all the clocks and timepieces at the Castle and winds 'em up?"

"I do, sir, and so did my father before me. We're very proud of holding His Grace's appointment. I attend at the Castle once a week."

"When are you going next?"

"To-morrow morning, sir"—but a shade of uneasiness was settling on his face. I'd better make out that cheque for a bit more, perhaps. I adroitly referred to a bracelet he had shown me as a suitable thing to go with the necklet. It brought the amount up to £80. And all I wanted was to pass into the Castle with him as his newly-engaged assistant, just to have a look round.

The minor difficulties he raised I smoothed away, so ingratiating was my manner—and had been all along—that no suspicion of my motives entered his mind.

TIMING HIS DEPARTURE.

Before I parted with that ridiculous cheque I'd won the trick, and next morning I won the game. I'd already consulted the time-table, and, by getting him to attend at the Castle a little earlier than he told me he usually went, I was able to plan my escape to a nicety. I reckoned that I shouldn't be in real danger for more than half an hour, but by changing at a near junction I could double on my track and baffle pursuit—and it was so.

In dozens of rooms there were clocks to wind, bedrooms and dressing-rooms included. Gurden did the winding and I did the rest, for wherever he went I went. In most of the rooms there was something to show me—quaint carving, wonderful mantels and panels, and what-not. And for comparatively only a few was there nothing to pick up.

Everybody was at breakfast. The coast was clear. The careless way in which people—ladies especially—had left their portable valuables about really surprised me. Rings, watches, gems, jewel-cases, purses, and even loose cash.

"O muvver! Is this heaven?" I quoted to myself as my pockets filled.

[*Another of these revelations will be printed next week.*—Editor.]

Earn Guineas in your Spare Time.

WHY NOT?

With Your Pen.

The number of Advertisers is increasing, the space occupied by Advertisements is increasing, the profitableness of Advertising is increasing, and yet the supply of capable advertisement writers is not nearly equal to the demand.

Big Advertisers don't write their own "copy," though they manage the business and organise the publicity. They employ trained men and women to write all their announcements, and pay well for them, too. Advertisement-writers earn in a few hours more than most journalists and story-writers earn in a week.

Now, many can write understandable English, but few can write Advertisers' "copy" without training.

Having Everything Explained.

This training may be obtained as a result of years of experience—tedious work, finding things out for oneself—or by being taught and helped and having everything explained by a leading expert, whose business it is to teach you.

The Practical Correspondence College teaches by post how to earn money by ad-writing. Most of the students earn guineas by spare time work or fill lucrative posts before even completing the progressive series of twelve lessons.

The present writer had no more idea of becoming an Advertisement-writer than of flying, until a year ago he decided to try, as an experiment, the P.C.C. course.

The necessary technical knowledge and the knack of evolving ideas I acquired from this Course enabled me to sell my very first exercise for 10/6, and always to have more work offered to me than I can possibly do, since there are, alas! only 24 hours in a day.

The very clear and easy-to-follow lessons are fascinating in their practical application of specialised common sense to salesmanship. If the student will study half an hour a day to the end he is bound to develop an invaluable knack of self-expression and the ability to write clear, crisp, convincing English.

Ad-writing as a spare time hobby yields £2 to £3 per week, and as a regular vocation proportionately more.

If you are genuinely interested in the surest and easiest way of earning money with your pen, write to the Secretary for the explanatory booklet "Brains and Ink."

With Your Brush.

The demand for sketches suitable for reproduction is greater than the supply.

Artists trained to do the work that's wanted—who know the requirements of publisher, advertiser, and printer—have always well-paid work to do.

Many grades of designs are wanted, and payment ranges from two guineas to one hundred guineas a drawing.

The essentials are a taste for drawing, an eye for colour, common-sense, and training.

The Modern Artist's Opportunities.

The trained man or woman who makes popular reproducible sketches needs no influence to sell them.

The postal system that enables the artist to live in ideal surroundings and sell in London also enables him to enjoy the advantages of an expert London training at home.

The Practical Correspondence College offers individual training in Commercial Art, and absolutely guarantees thorough tuition.

The lessons are clear and easy, and illustrated by hundreds of original drawings, many in colours. They teach in progressive sections the remunerative branches of art, including posters, showcards, book plates, lettering, figure drawings, flowers, landscapes, water-colours, pastels, black and white work, lithography, and designing for all processes.

Sketches posted to the College are examined by the Art Director, who returns them with a personal letter, pointing out any defects, and enabling the knowledge gained to be used in succeeding exercises.

Chas. E. Dawson, the Art Director, is one of the most popular designers of pictorial publicity. His work has won for him an International Reputation, and he has helped more men and women to earn money by art than any other living man.

Call on the Secretary and see the letters from nearly every civilised country reporting work sold. If you can't call, ask a friend to do so; it will pay you to investigate.

Any MODERN MAN reader who sends a small sketch will receive gratis a personal criticism and Chas. E. Dawson's opinion upon the sender's chance of success in this new and well-paid field of Art. A booklet illustrating the latest and best poster work will also be sent post free so long as the supply lasts.

The edition is limited; immediate application is essential.

With Your Camera.

The man—or woman—who has been taught how and when to submit pictures, what to take and why to take it, is just the photographer the editors welcome, and nice little guinea and half-guinea cheques often come his way.

But how obtain this knowledge—this "Open Sesame" to the Editorial favour?

Easily enough and with a little simple study.

Spend your long evenings and half-holidays learning how to make photography pay. And you will gain a knowledge that will mean at least an extra half-guinea or so weekly to your income. You may have scores of photographs that have never been published, good, clean prints that an editor would buy at sight.

When Photos. are Most Wanted.

Why not turn them into money *now*, when photos are most wanted?

The supply of prints submitted to the illustrated papers dwindles week by week from January until the summer. In the spring, outside contributors scarcely send in anything, and if it were not for a few energetic agents the papers would suffer from a photo famine.

This is where the free-lance photographer comes in.

The smaller the supply the greater the chance of publication, yet, as an editor told me yesterday, "nine-tenths of the amateur prints submitted are useless because they lack the essential note of interest. The senders don't know a good subject when they see it, or else they treat it from the wrong standpoint."

You can't learn from books, because no book ever published will tell you what to do.

The only way is to take the course of instruction by the man who knows Press Photography from A to Z.

You will learn what to take, when, and how. Your prints will be criticised with each lesson, and you will find that you have earned the tuition fee over and over again before completing the six months' course.

The College doesn't enrol every applicant; it is no credit to have students whose work is obviously too inferior ever to be made profitable.

The College will send you a booklet about this money-earning Course if you send six prints for free criticism.

No prints, no booklet! The latter is only for those who are ambitious and keen and able to profit by the training.

Write to-day for full particulars of any of the above subjects which interest you. If you desire to earn money with your pencil, enclose a small pen and ink sketch for GRATIS criticism. If you desire to earn money with your pencil or brush, send a small bit of your designing work. If you would like to make photography profitable, send a few small prints. All enquiries to the Secretary,

PRACTICAL CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, 43, THANET HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

SKILFUL TALKING.

ITS POWER IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Practically anything can be done by skilful talking. The other day a man went into a shop where he was a perfect stranger and made a small purchase. He paid 3s. 9d. out of his rapidly dwindling stock of change. He had money: in fact, he had only an hour previously placed a £50 Bank of England note in a friend's safe. But he suddenly found himself some miles from friends from whom he could get a sovereign till the morning, and he determined to get one from some tradesman.

If he had said: "I'm going into this shop and I shall come out with a sovereign, which I shall return to-morrow," I should have said he was mad, or that the tradesman was mad if he lent a perfect stranger 20s. on a promise to repay next day.

But I should have been wrong. With simply wonderful ease—or apparent ease—this man told the tradesman his position and asked for a sovereign. The tradesman laughed, thinking the man was joking; but even this was skilfully used by the borrower, to aid him in his determination to get that sovereign.

He talked, simply, it seemed, and quite openly and honestly, and then he showed the tradesman his gold watch, worth thirty sovereigns; but the net result of all his conversation was to make it very difficult indeed for that tradesman to deny him his request.

The way he made use of all sorts of odd bits of knowledge of human nature, the way he put himself in the tradesman's position and then set to work to compel him to do as he asked, was little short of miraculous.

It was all done by skilful talking. He talked the tradesman blind, as the saying is—blind, that is, to his own interests, and a prey to the superior will.

The transaction was perfectly honest, for the sovereign was duly repaid, but it illustrates the power of personality and argument.

F. B. DILLON.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

The District Railway results for the year are excellent, as not only has the full dividend on the First Preference been declared, but 2 per cent. on the Second Preference; and, at the rate things are progressing with this railway, I look forward to the payment of a small dividend on the Ordinary Stock for 1913.

This is the best managed railway in the United Kingdom—possibly in the world—and as dull times will not affect its progress, investors ought to buy and hold the Stock round about 35.

East Londons are a little lower on the week, but will go better again; and holders need have no hesitation in adding to their commitments round about the present price of 7.

The prevailing opinion now appears to be that the differences between the coal masters and men will be settled without a strike; consequently the stocks of the leading railways ought to be bought for a substantial turn.

Canadian Pacifics have firmed up again, and the market strength of these shares is remarkable.

Trunks are better, and I still think there is a good rise in the Thirds.

Mexican Rails have had a spurt on an excellent weekly traffic, and students of this stock are looking for a good December statement, which may be published before this column appears in print.

Americans have been firm, although very little business is doing, and the big Wall Street operators are looking on. The next rise will, I think, be the proverbial "Irishman's."

Rubber shares are firm, and the new issues are being well subscribed.

Camp Bird shares improved slightly on the week.

Underground Electric shares at 3¼ ought to be bought on the amalgamation with the 'bus company.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

A. C. M. (Wrexham).—I hear that Mexican Eagle Ordinary shares are a good purchase round about 33s.

T. H. (Sittingbourne).—I think No. 3 is the best of your list; the others are very speculative, although No. 1 has good prospects.

E. J. C. (Leighton Buzzard).—Better leave well alone. The proposed exchange would only land you with a heavy liability, and no better return on your capital.

G. H. F. (Port Talbot).—"The Street" is the name given to the after hours market of the Stock Exchange; for Mines this is held in the main Throgmorton Street, and for Americans in Shorter's Court, in the same thoroughfare. There is very seldom a "Street" market in Consols.

C. B. (Wadebridge).—(a) Sell at best; (b) a fair lock-up; (c) I think you will be well advised to hold.

D. C. (Crewkerne).—By all means retain your holding, and, if convenient, purchase a few more to average; the prospects are decidedly good.

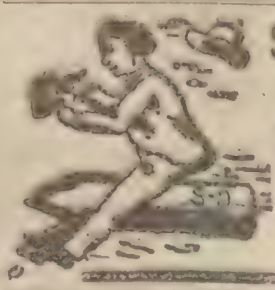
R. F. E. (Glasgow).—I think your friend is a bit of an alarmist; so far as I can learn there is not the smallest prospect of the next dividend being passed or even reduced.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

THE POST-CARD JOKE.

It is often the simplest form of novelty that gives the most amusement. Such is the case with our "Nice Place" post-cards. Drop one on the pavement of a busy thoroughfare, and await results.

A generous supply will be sent, entirely free of charge, to any reader who forwards a large stamped addressed envelope to "Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



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Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

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At 97, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

A STUDY OF CHUMSHIP.

The Silence of a Friend

By F. PROCTOR WATSON

"You ask me," says Stingaree Clavering in a letter to me, "whether I ever hear from Chinnery now. As in your case, it must be a year since he wrote, and even before that his letters turned up with the seasons. When you write of us again you must head it 'Fare-well Chinnery!' and proceed accordingly."

But I have chosen a different title, because between such friends as Stingaree, Chinnery, and I were in those few-year distant times, surely there can be no farewell in this life.

Though each of us became silent, such as the common methods of communication could make us, we would surely not be out of touch one with the other—more so than all, perhaps, Chinnery, who, like the parrot, said so little and thought so much.

Chinnery, our friend, is such as your friend may be. There is one whom you would trust with anything that you prize, and one upon whom is hung your belief in the kindliness of a world that otherwise too often proves itself the very negation of good feeling between man and man. You stand this man a drink, you ask this man to your house, you ride with one, you walk with another. Yet, with them all, there is something that is not your particular Chinnery, not your ideal of friendship. Each of us is allotted but one Chinnery. Perhaps yours, too, is silent. Perhaps then you, too, are valuing your Chinnery?

Stingaree, I would ask you to look at him with me and assist me to see him, although you are many miles distant. Face to face we would burlesque any idea of the occult, although we might seek to follow out fellow sympathy further along the road of friendship than a greeting hand-shake and a riotous evening together.

Thus, Chinnery with his steady, determined, and business-like walk, comes into sight in the far away town where we were all together when the good times reigned and we shared a lot of laughter and just a very little sorrow.

Chinnery must essentially be the same or he would cease to be. The solemn blink behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, the grand, honest, old face in a young man, the true, firm-set mouth, the almost clumsy fists ready to strike for you—as I hear you say, gay, light-hearted Stingaree, he is the same old stick-in-the-mud.

We are following him on the way to the little surgery where many a time he prescribed for our fanciful ills, more particularly the parched throat on a summer day, when odd concoctions with a basis of *aqua chlor.* (ad. lib) and certain gorgeous flavourings all fizzed up with *soda bicarb.* were pronounced "good eggs."

He knows most people, and there are some, thank goodness, who say, "Don't forget to remember me to your pals when you write." Even the policeman on point duty, it matters little which one, for we were friends with them all, half salutes to him and wants to know how "the boys" are.

When he gets to the surgery, Stingaree, he must open that door through which we often gave the weird half-note "call," of pious memory and difficult execution in the form of a whistle. He must pass through a yard where, when caught, you always proceeded to interest the good doctor in subtle conversation until you made him laugh, and thus headed off an impending homily on disturbing young professional men at their work. He must proceed to behind the counter and stand on the very flap of the cellar where it was your wont to sit by the concealed stove on cold winters' days and read, what time the unsuspecting doctor ladled his dispensing slips to Chinnery, most accurate and efficient of medicine makers.

Watch further, and you will see that, once in the dispensary, the remarks of those he has met cause Chinnery to go to the chocolate box and draw forth the note-paper preparatory to writing to us.

And then it occurs to him that the policemen will in most instances be vague personages to us; he sees that if he remembers "various people to us he must tell us more about them. We are battling in the bigger world. There is nothing now that would excite us in their doings. Young Smith made a forty break the other night, but Chinnery knows that the last time I was in London I probably spent my afternoon at some of the temples of good billiards in Leicester Square or Soho. Brown plays in the town footer team, but you see Chelsea or Fulham play, Stingaree, nearly every Saturday. He thinks it would be small to us.

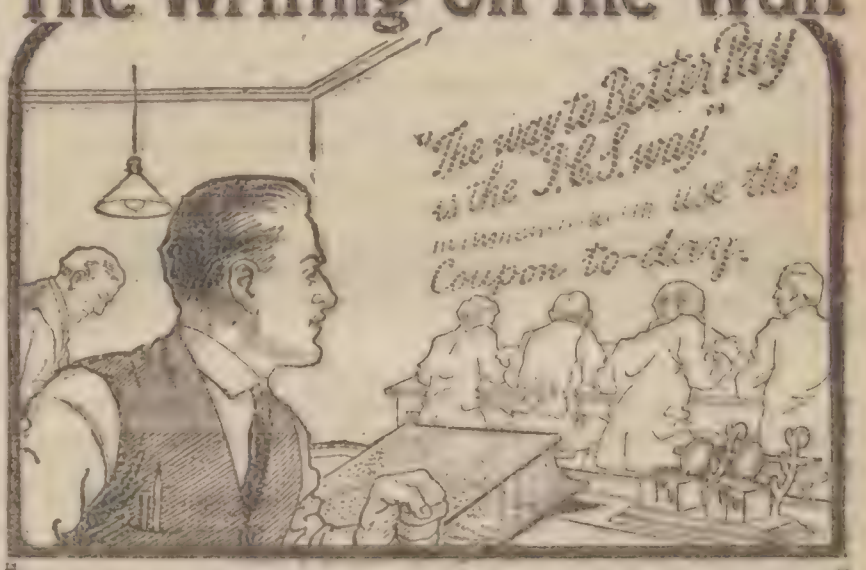
What is there to write of? We are now partisans in nothing. The youthful element of the town works and plays without us. Our interests have changed.

Chinnery is left with one subject, and that subject is that he is still our friend.

But need he write that to remind himself, when every pavement, every street corner, and certain little smoke-rooms must cry out and tell him so? Need he write that to remind us when something a tiny scrap above our material natures leads us, blindfold though we be lest we should see too much, further along the road of friendship than a greeting hand-shake and a riotous evening together?

So Chinnery drops his pen and puts back the note-paper. But thank God, Stingaree, we may catch a smile on his face for the merry times, and a tinge of regret for that, come what may, they can be exactly the same no more.

The Writing on the Wall



If you are dissatisfied with your present work, your present rate of pay, if you want to improve your position, then "The Writing on the Wall" means something for you; but without investigation you will not be a step further towards materialising your ideals.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

R. L. (Birmingham).—Sorry to hear that business compels you to resign from the Territorials. Apply to your company commander, explaining your reasons. It will be best to do so at a personal interview, so that you can convince him that you are not a slacker.

"HONOUR" (Norwood).—A bet made on a certainty is null and void. There must be a possibility of your losing. The fact, however, that you were sure you were right did not constitute a "certainty." As the famous Jowett said, "Even the youngest of us is not infallible."

G. N. (Huddersfield).—As a general rule an employé who is paid weekly is subject to a week's notice, but there are many exceptions. Journalistic custom, for instance, gives an assistant editor on a daily newspaper at least three months' notice. In the drapery trade, assistants, though paid weekly, may resign or be sacked at a day's notice.

A. H. (Streatham).—The fork should be laid on the plate with the points upwards.

C. G. N. (Manchester).—Leave these "home employment" agencies alone; most of them are swindles. The best way to make money in your spare time is to turn to account any special talents you may possess. Send some of your photographic prints and some of your drawings to the Practical Correspondence College, 43, Thanet House, Strand, London, W.C. They are a reliable firm, and will give you criticism and advice.

M. G. (Redruth).—Apply to the Secretary, Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, Arundel House, Arundel Street, London, W.C.

R. P. (Leeds).—If you send a stamped addressed envelope to the War Office, they will forward you the pamphlets describing conditions of service in the Royal Engineers. It would be that body you would have to join to become a wireless operator in the Army.

H. C. (Blackburn).—Apparently someone had "had" you with the old catch: 1864 pennies are worth £7 15s. 4d., but an 1864 penny is worth only two ha-pence. You will find it is so if you work out the little sum.

"FAIRPLAY" (Southport) says our football critic, G. K., is too harsh upon the Manchester City team, and that they have merely been unfortunate with their players so far. Quite so.

R. P. (Aberdeen).—It is, of course, largely a matter of opinion, but we should say that, socially speaking, the New Club, Edinburgh, is Scotland's leading club.

H. R. O'C. (Dublin) informs us that most of the Irish Members of Parliament represent neither Irish opinion nor Irish manners. Tell us something new, Patrick.

"JACK" (Liverpool).—New Zealand has compulsory military training, which begins at school. Employers must pay full wages to a man out for training, less the amount of pay allowed him by the Government.

H. M. (Hartlepool).—Dealing from the bottom of the pack is not permissible. It is a common dodge with sharps.

"GUNNER" (Folkestone).—The Service saying you are thinking of is "Never take your uniform where you wouldn't take your sister."

J. D. (Southend).—As much as 700 guineas has been paid for a polo pony, and £300 is not an unusual price for a first-class animal.

A. B. (Croydon) wants us to give a definition of a gentleman. It would take all this column to give a gentleman's good points, and as for his bad points, they don't exist.

J. G. H. (Cannock).—A junior reporter on a country paper will not get more than 20s. a week, if as much. Books on the subject will not help you.

H. G. B. (Dalkey).—A weak solution of ammonia sponged well over the cloth will remove the shiny appearance from the suit.

F. L. (Accrington).—All you need for making your own cigarettes is a reasonably long-fibred tobacco, a set of nimble fingers, and a packet of good cigarette paper. Machines are clumsy and mostly useless. A.G. is the best paper to use.

F. E. (Hereford).—Get hold of someone in the trade, and ascertain the facts you require first-hand. There are many other things you will have to know besides the cost of the outfit.

W. H. (Crouch End), **"BIJILI,"** **R. F. N.** (East Finchley), **B. S.** (Los Angeles), **J. G.** (Todmorden), **J. M.** (Baghdad), **A. R. E.** (Manchester).—Very much obliged.

SPOILING A PIPE.

If you have a pipe, especially a briar, to which you a... particularly devoted, you will be wise if you reserve it fo... use with one brand of tobacco alone. The man who smoke... a tobacco of medium strength one day, and the next turn... on to strong navy-cut will not get real sweetness out of h... pipe. A good tip is to carry two pipes, the second ... for use when a man insists that you shall "try a pi... my tobacco, old chap."

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The Gem "B" Supplies Co., Ltd., 67, Southwark ... London, S.E., have agreed to send to any reader, fr... all cost, a copy of their highly interesting handbook entit... "Perfect Health." The usual price of this handbook is o... shilling, but any reader who sends a postcard to them ... mentions THE MODERN MAN will receive one entirely f... of charge during this week.

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Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. ... is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The L... with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch ... similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

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Signature.....

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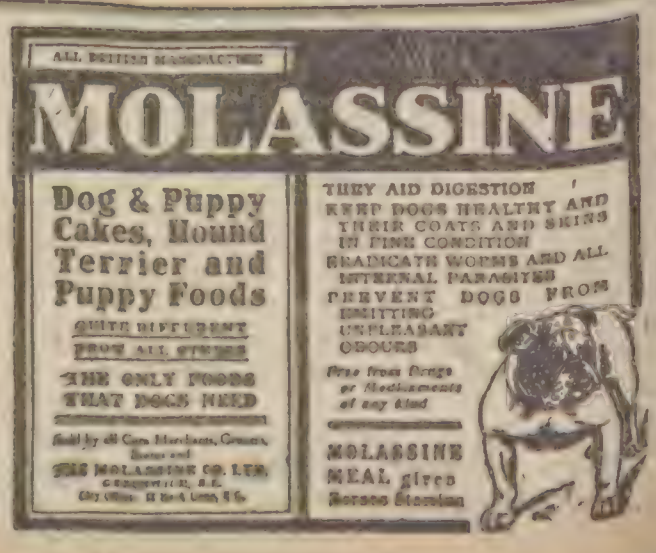
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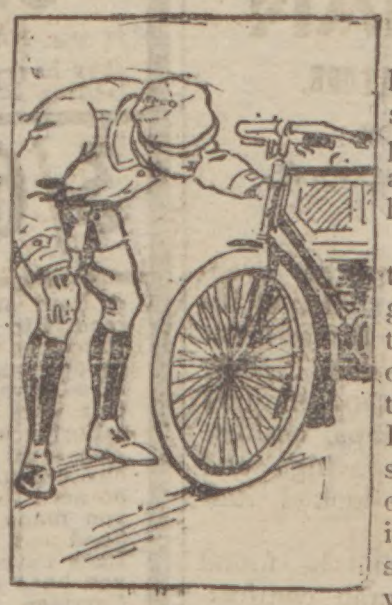
BUYING A SECOND-HAND MOTOR-BIKE

PRACTICAL HELP FOR THE NOVICE



At this time of the year some thousands of motor-cycles are on the second-hand market. As many of these machines are last season's models, the opportunity is here for the man who cannot afford, or will not pay, the price of a new machine, to pick up a second-hand mount for much less than its actual running value.

Many motor-cyclists buy a new machine every spring, not because a season's use has so worn the machine as to make a new one necessary, but simply for the joy of possessing a newer and improved model, and the desire to be in the latest fashion. Fashion has a lot to do with the popularity of the different types of motor-cycles, while progress in design is being made at such a rapid rate that motor-cyclists with the money to spend are easily tempted to purchase the improved models, so as to have the latest.

This leads to heavy sales in second-hand motor-cycles, many of which, except for wear and tear of tyres and the loss to the plating of its pristine glory, may be almost equal to new. By careful selection, the second-hand buyer may get a machine which has had very little wear at seventy to eighty per cent. of its original cost.

GOOD MAKES BUT WORN OUT.

In entering the second-hand market he must walk warily, however. He must remember that of two motor-cycles turned out by a first-class factory in faultless order and identical in every way, while one may, after a season's use by a careful rider, be almost as good as new, the other, by careless handling and hard riding at the pace that kills, may be in such bad condition as to require expensive replacements to engine and other wearing parts.

The condition of a motor-cycle can be judged only by an experienced man.

The new-comer, unless he has some engineering knowledge, should not buy a second-hand motor-cycle without the help and advice of an experienced motor-cycling friend, or, failing this, a straight dealer had better be consulted.

In buying a motor-cycle, one must be able, or have the help of someone who is able, first, to distinguish between a first-class make and one of inferior design, materials, or workmanship, and, second, to judge of the present condition of a machine which was originally sent out by the makers in faultless running order.

BEWARE OF UNKNOWN MACHINES.

If in doubt about the first point, the best advice to a prospective buyer is that he should select a machine made by one of the well-known firms. Their products are generally to be relied upon as to quality and workmanship. They have a reputation to maintain, and cannot afford to turn out inferior stuff, for the motor-cycling world is very critical, and a reputation is quickly lost.

Besides this, the first-class firms keep stocks of interchangeable parts for their machines, so that a worn or broken part can quickly be replaced.

It must also be remembered that a well-known make can always be sold for a higher figure than a little-known or locally-assembled machine. The latter are often difficult to dispose of, except at a ridiculous price.

The question of the motor-cycle's maker being disposed of, the next thing is to examine its present condition. To repeat what has been written above, this is better done by someone who is familiar with the weak points, and knows where to look for signs of wear.

A THOROUGH EXAMINATION.

Some people, however, prefer to manage their affairs themselves. The novice who has enough self-confidence to make the examination himself may possibly derive some help from the following brief hints.

It is better to go over the machine systematically than to dodge about from one point to another.

Taking the bicycle part first, the wheels should be examined. See that they run truly, and test the bearings for side play. If pedalling gear is fitted, make sure that the free-wheel clutch runs freely; see that all the spokes are tight. Examine the mudguards and carrier, which should be fixed firmly. If there is any rattle, see if it can be remedied.

Examine the frame for the ill-effects of a fall or collision. See that the frame, and particularly the front forks, are true, and that the wheels are in track.

Lift the handlebars to see if the steering-head is tight. Pay particular attention to the spring forks, and try the linkwork for side-play. The brakes must be carefully tested, for an inefficient or faulty brake may cost the rider his life.

Turn your attention to the engine. The first thing is to see that the valves and piston are gas-tight by trying the compression. Rotate the engine a few times, with the exhaust valve open, then, allowing the exhaust valve to close, test the compression by standing on the pedal. If no pedalling gear is fitted, as is the case with some of the more recent models fitted with free engine clutches and speed gears, use the starting-handle, that is if a starting-handle is supplied. Another method is to grip the back wheel with both hands and attempt to turn it round against the compression.

TEST THE ENGINE BEARINGS.

If the motor has two cylinders, test the compression of each cylinder separately.

To test the main engine bearings for wear, try to move the pulley up and down vertically. If there is a perceptible looseness, the bushes are worn, and will require renewal.

Try if there is any longitudinal movement of the crank-shaft by pushing and pulling the pulley to and from the crank-case. A little play is permissible here; but it should be very slight.

Rock the pulley backwards and forwards in the direction of rotation; give the pulley a quarter to half a turn, and rock backwards and forwards again. If any looseness is felt, the bearing where the connecting-rod joins the crank-pin—called the "big end"—is worn and will have to be renewed, or the engine will "knock" when running.

SIGNS OF WEAR.

Examine the valve tappets. See if they are worn, and if adjustable for wear. If the machine is belt-driven, look if the engine pulley is worn. Inspect the belt and decide whether in good condition or ready for scrapping.

See that the tank, petrol, and oil pipes are sound and do not leak. The tank must be securely attached to the frame and the pump supplying oil to the engine in proper order.

Be careful to see that the carburetter does not flood when the petrol tap is opened, and try if the throttle and air levers and their respective valves controlling the quantity and quality of the gas work freely.

See that the magneto is well protected from wet and mud, and that the high tension wire to the sparking-plug is not being chafed through by contact with any part of the engine or frame.

Notice the state of the tyres, and inquire what spare parts, tools, and accessories are included with the machine.

GET THE OWNER TO TRY IT.

A running trial follows the examination. The prospective buyer should get the owner to put the machine through its paces, while he looks on, and notes its behaviour. He will thus get a better idea of its running condition than if he himself were astride the saddle, for no machine runs at its best in the hands of a strange rider.

Get the owner to start up the engine while the motor-cycle is on the stand. The engine should start easily and be immediately responsive to the control levers. It should run evenly without misfiring or explosions in the silencer.

The machine must next be taken to a quiet stretch of road, where the owner should ride it up and down past the buyer at an ordinary pace, and also at the lowest speed at which the engine will drive.

Notice how the engine picks up its speed after being slowed down, say at a corner. This is an important point.

The most important test is that for power, and for this a steep hill must be chosen. A long slope with a stiff rise at the top is the best for the purpose.

The hill must not be rushed. The motor-cycle should go up at a moderate pace and without pedalling assistance.

If there is a turn or corner at the bottom or part of the way up the hill so much the better. One of the best tests of a motor-cycle's flexibility and power is the way it picks up speed after a turn on a hill.

H. F.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SMOKING JACKETS.

Visiting a pal the other evening, I was favourably struck by his new smoking-jacket. It was made of light brown, or dark yellow Jaeger wool, and although quite plain, or rather, perhaps, because it was free from silk facings and elaborate braiding, looked uncommonly smart.

He assured me that he found it delightfully light and comfortable, and free from "stuffiness," yet at the same time warm and draught-protecting..

The only objection I could find to it was that its light colour made it a background for every stain.

Velvet smoking-jackets on a young man savour of foppishness or effeminacy, but I confess I like them much in the middle-aged, only the wearer must have an air of some distinction, otherwise they make him look commoner than Nature has done.

The heavy quilted, elaborately braided smoking-jackets so dear to our fathers and grandfathers are quite out of fashion.

Indeed, the smoking-jacket in general is under an eclipse, for the simple reason that smoking indoors is no longer taboo everywhere except in the smoking-room, and a smoking-jacket is out of place anywhere else.

Still, for use in my sanctum I cling to my old smoking-jacket, in this case an aged regimental blazer which the home authorities have often attempted to consign to the dust-bin.

After all, a smoking-jacket saves your ordinary coats from a lot of wear and from smelling like a tobacconist's shop, and an old, tried and silent companion adds to the enjoyment of pipe, cigar, or cigarette.

THE VALUE OF WRAPPING UP.

Many men think it is "molly coddlish" to wrap up, and pay for this contempt with colds or chills. Of course, it is easy to wrap up too much, but I am thinking of the value of a warm muffler to the man who is in the habit of taking hard outdoor exercise.

Watch the 'Varsity crews at practice, and you will see that not only do they keep a sweater or a muffler round the neck and shoulders up to the moment of starting and resume it the moment they finish, but when an "easy" is given they at once throw a sweater or muffler round their necks.

These men certainly are not molly coddles, but they know the value of putting on a wrap of some kind immediately after hard exercise.

On the other hand, to wear a wrap while exercising is to invite a chill.

Mufflers are often wrongly worn. The usual practice is to pass the muffler round the neck having the ends hanging down in front. This protects the back of the neck, but leaves the throat exposed. The correct way is to put the muffler on, so to speak, backwards, carrying the ends to the back and then bringing them forward again so that the muffler goes right round the neck. It may not look smart, but it is safe.

KIT FOR NOVA SCOTIA.

A correspondent who is going to Nova Scotia on a business trip asks what sort of kit he should take. Fortunately I can speak from personal experience of Nova Scotia. The cold is not nearly so bad as might be imagined, and ordinary English winter clothes and underwear will do.

Provided he has a good stout ulster or overcoat, a fur coat is not necessary, but he will need a fur cap and fur gloves. They are much better bought locally. As to boots he need not waste money on heavy boots. There is more ice than snow in Nova Scotia, and he will either be

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able to wear ordinary walking boots or have to don mocassins, heelless, soleless boots of soft leather in which you can safely walk on the slipperiest of ice-bound roads or pavements. These again should be purchased locally.

I congratulate my correspondent on going to a land where he will find the men thorough sportsmen, the ladies as charming as they are pretty, and the people in general most hospitable.

HEAD-DRESS IN CIVIL COURTS.

A correspondent wishes to know whether a soldier who has to appear in a civil court in uniform (not as a prisoner) should remove his head-dress? Yes, subject to the qualification contained in paragraph 1799 King's Regulations, which reads as follows:

"In a civil court an officer or soldier will remove his head-dress while the judge or magistrate is present, except when the officer or soldier is on duty under arms with a party or escort inside the court."

DRESS ON A JURY.

Another reader has been summoned to appear on a jury (he has my sympathy), and desires to know how he should dress for the occasion. I am tempted to say in sackcloth and ashes; but, joking apart, he can wear what he likes.

At the same time, it is only respectful to the Court to appear quietly dressed, either frock-coat or morning coat or lounge suit of sober hue.

In the case of a criminal trial involving a man's life or liberty, it would be very incorrect to appear in gay attire.

DANCE "ETCETERAS."

Men who do not go out much are often uncertain about the etceteras of their dress when invited to a dance, and it is the correctness of "etceteras" that makes the well-dressed man.

In no circumstances should a black tie be worn. The fact that you are in mourning is no excuse, for if you are in mourning you should not go to a dance.

The clips often worn to prevent the tie from working up should not be allowed to show, but be placed close to the collar stud so that their points are hidden by the bow of the tie.

I mention this because at jewellers and hosiers you may see clips with jewelled points obviously meant to be displayed, but these are a vulgar abomination.

The less jewellery you show the better. Watch chains are taboo, though a fob chain is permissible.

Gilt or fancy buttons may be worn with a white or light-coloured waistcoat, but jewelled buttons, NO.

Diamond studs are out of place on a young man. The smaller and quieter the studs the better. There is nothing so genetlemanly as plain gold or pearl studs and plain gold sleeve-links.

SOCKS, ETC.

Bright coloured socks should be avoided. Openwork lace socks are very suitable—to little girls.

Wear black or dark blue socks with an unostentatious "clock."

Your handkerchief should be of white silk or cambric, coloured handkerchiefs, or those with a coloured border, being forbidden.

Either pumps or light lacing patent leather shoes are correct, but if you are a Territorial don't wear your mess half-Wellingtons or "Jemimas," unless, of course, you are in uniform.

You can please yourself whether you wear a buttonhole or not, but if you do, let it be small and simple—a tiny bunch of violets, a sprig or two of lilies of the valley, a moss rose, or a carnation.

Don't wear any military or other badges. A dance is not an occasion for sporting your M.M. badge on the lapel of your coat.

At a private dance the other evening I found a Territorial colonel wearing the ribbon of the Territorial Decoration on his coat. This was incorrect, for medal ribbons, etc., are worn with evening dress only on those official or public occasions of which I recently gave a list.

In short, dress quietly for a dance, the light coloured waistcoat being the only colour you should show, and a plain white one is generally to be preferred.

I had almost forgotten gloves. These should be plain white, cream, or lavender, the first-named being best.

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